

THE MISSIONARY WEEKLY.

"SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."

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Letter From Boston.

BY W. H. ROGERS.

The Primitive Church was a unit, because Christ and the great facts of his death, resurrection and coronation, were the staple of apostolic preaching to the ignoring of all other issues. The only creed was that which is formulated in the Good Confession which was pressed to the point of submission and conviction upon all but the incorrigible. Christian unity will advance to-day in just the proportion that the preaching of to-day makes prominent the same divine Person and the same divine facts. The thrusting of other issues to the front will be only divisive.

Duty and destiny make up man's dignity. Christ's death is the strongest enforcement of duty. Christ's resurrection is the certain pledge of destiny for the man who does his duty. And man's duty as enforced by the one is inseparable from man's destiny as pledged by the other. It is in vain to talk of morality apart from gospel. When the latter ceases from the earth the former will not long survive. A flower will not long remain fragrant and beautiful when its roots shall have perished.

However moral a man may be, if he turns his face from Christ he faces the sunset of an eternal night. However demoralized a man may be, if he will but turn to Christ he faces the sunrise of an eternal day.

Better be degraded with the faith that points upward than to be exalted with the unbelief that points downward. Longfellow once said, in substance, that a man should always live up to the best that is in him. The tendency of humanity without the gospel has been to live down to the worst that is in him.

Not long since one of the bridges over the Niagara river below the falls was swept away in a wind-storm, but the cables remained, as also the towers upon which they rested. Upon these a new bridge is easily constructed. So, also, though individual churches and the general church in individual ages be riveted and torn and swept entirely from its supports, the supports themselves remain, and about the towers and cables of Christ's death and resurrection new churches will be built. If the grip be sufficiently strong there can be no failure, for the foundation stands sure.

Conviction in former days often ran to bigotry and to cruelty even. Toleration in our day has a tendency to compromise, laxity, flabbiness. Tone, religion down to the world. The broader a man is the better, no matter how shallow his breadth may render him. Fashionable morality takes the place of spiritual religion. To be scientific is better than to be Scriptural. But does this new order satisfy the world's hunger?

Dr. Parker, of London, says that men who have denied the Godhood of Christ or the reality of the supernatural have never been able to draw the common people. For men like James Martineau and Stafford Brooke, Parker declares his highest personal respect and admiration, "but for want of a gospel, made pathetic by the cross of Christ, the world in its vastness does not know them, and, in its anguish, never asks for their aid."

Concentration of effort for the world's up-lifting is most universal and enduring where the vital doctrines of the gospel are most sacredly cherished.

We may speak disparagingly of Whitefield, Edwards and Spurgeon, but note how God has blessed their ministries, and the good effects have been widespread and permanent as history affirms. It was under the preaching of Whitefield "that Dukes and Duchesses bowed before the Cross; and such men as Chesterfield and Bolingbroke, Mr. Pitt and Lord North, the

Duke of Grafton and Mr. Fox and Garrick and the flower of English aristocracy withered under the burning rays of the tabernacle." The great evangelists of the day and the successful missionaries are men who believe in God and the devil, in Heaven and hell, in the Holy Spirit and the necessity for immediate repentance, in the Godhood of Christ and His atoning sacrifice upon the cross.

It is stated that in the last forty-two years in the United States the number of evangelical churches have increased eight millions, while the churches denying evangelical teaching have decreased sixty-four in membership.

A river is no longer a river when it continually overflows its banks. It then becomes an unhealthy marsh. So, also, there is a liberalism that is not Christianity.

The world is better off with all the bigotry that has accompanied conviction than it would have been with no earnest conviction at all; but let us pray for the day when we shall have conviction without bigotry or cruelty, and toleration without flabbiness.

Pride of opinion is one of the great barriers to the world's progress, and much that goes for loyalty to truth is merely pride of opinion. Men take a position and then imagine that manhood and consistency demand of them to maintain their position, not because it is right, but because they have taken it. It is better to be right to-day than to prove that we were right yesterday.

Mr. Cook closed his fourteenth course of Monday lectures last Monday, and the usually large audience voted unanimously that they be continued another year. Two years ago a proposition came from New York to purchase this lectureship for that city, but it was rejected. The prelude and lectures will appear in full in *Our Day*, a monthly periodical edited by Mr. Cook, assisted by eminent specialists. I am asked for information concerning *Our Day*. In my next week's letter I will give the table of contents of the February number, and my readers can judge for themselves. The writer thinks it a most excellent journal. The yearly subscription is \$2.50. Ministers can have it for \$2. Those who do not hear Mr. Cook's lectures should judge of them by the reports in this journal, for it is only there that they stand upon their merits. By this I mean no reflection on the good reports that have appeared regularly in the leading religious weeklies of the city. There were also some quite full and excellent reports in the dailies. Even the spiteful *Boston Herald* gave at least one excellent report; but a time-serving, Sunday-desecrating press could hardly be expected to do full justice to a fearless reformer, when he is dealing sledge-hammer blows at rumsellers, Romanists and the desecrators of the Lord's-day. Men are sometimes to be respected for the enemies they make.

If Mr. Cook is the man I take him to be, God will take care of him; but whatever may become of him, I hope the reforms for which he so ably and eloquently pleads may sometime become humanity's heritage. His discussion of Romanism is well fortified by facts, and is candid and cautious. He has been unusually epigrammatic the past winter; apt in illustration, and a master in the art of putting things. His critics should remember that dogmatism and omniscience is as offensive in them as in him, and that a candid and intelligent public are capable of judging both Mr. Cook and his critics fairly. Ultimate justice awaits all.

The lecturer has sometimes lowered himself by his replies to certain critics who are evidently irritable. As the *Boston Watchman* says, "he can well afford to let such effusions pass him as the idle wind."

General News Items.

Henry Payne, a twelve-year-old boy, was killed at Roanoke, Va., last week by a negro boy about his own age. Payne and several companions were playing top's when the negro boys came up and got into a fuss with them, with the above result.—Detectives of Minneapolis, Minn., have arrested a dangerous counterfeit named L. S. Brown in the act of casting a number of coins. Brown is a silver-plater by trade. His plan was to thimble plate the coins. He shipped the spurious coin East to be "shoved." He is an old soldier and draws a pension. Twenty dollars in counterfeit money was found on his person.—Ex-Queen Natalie has promised that she will not attempt to return to Belgrade at present.—The schooner *Ruth Darling*, from Porto Rico for New Haven, Conn., was run down and sunk off the Capes of Delaware on last Thursday morning and her captain and one seaman were drowned. The weather was very thick at the time, and no blame attaches to the officers of the *Wyanoke* (the steamer in collision, as it was impossible to see the length of the vessel ahead.—One of the most terrible accidents for many years was that caused by the hurricane which visited the Samoan Islands on March 16th. On that day a terrible storm sprung up and all vessels in the harbor except the English Steamer *Caliope* were beached and wrecked and nearly 200 souls lost. The German and United States war ships in the harbor was lost, being almost total wrecks.—An excursion train from Southampton for London, loaded with persons on their way to witness the Cambridge-Oxford boat race, was derailed at Penistone this morning and wrecked. One person was killed and fourteen seriously hurt.—Terrible prairie fires are reported from all parts of Huron county, Dakota. Many of the farmers have suffered the loss of their houses, barns, hay and grass. South and southwest of the city the settlers have suffered equally as much, the velocity of the wind, which was forty miles an hour, driving flames with fearful rapidity. It was the most destructive fire in the county for years, and it is feared the worst has not been learned.—John Bright, one of the greatest of Englishmen, is dead, and below we give an extract from the oration delivered at his funeral, which shows he had a proper conception of the truth: "Mr. Bright was a man of great simplicity. He did not attribute his talents to his own efforts, but to God's endowment."—Queen Victoria has sent a message of regret to the Emperor regarding Germany's naval misfortune at Samoa, and expresses her deepest sympathy for the relatives of the brave officers and sailors who lost their lives in the disaster.—A letter from Henry M. Stanley, dated September 4, 1888, has reached a friend of the explorer living at Edinburgh. The letter contains nothing of interest beyond that already known.—It is understood that Robert Garrett will return to Baltimore, Maryland, in a couple of weeks. Arrangements are being made for his reception at his country seat, "Uplands," in Baltimore county. The southern trip has not proved as beneficial to Garrett as was hoped. The fear of being kidnapped is said to have preyed upon his mind and made him very irritable. Mr. Garrett will be remembered as one whose millions brought him an unsound mind. He was a short time since the President and owner of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., but is now only a wanderer trying to find rest for his over-worked brain in travel, but he struggled too long for the dollars.—The will of Christian Frederick Theodore Steinway, who died in Braunschweig, Germany, on the 26th of March, bequeaths a personal estate estimated at \$700,000 to his brother William and numerous

nephews and nieces in New York. His interest in the corporation of Steinway & Son, piano manufacturers, is to be kept intact until 1904.

Burning Money.

BY W. O. M.

There lived many years ago in the State of Vermont, near my father's home, a rich man. He settled in the township when the country was new and the price of land was cheap. Thus he had the advantages of advancing prices in real estate caused by improvements and increase of population by immigration. His children knew little by way of experience "how to make money by saving it." They had what they wanted. Their father's property was accumulated before they attained to manhood, so they knew little of the anxiety, care and labor by which his property was amassed. He died and his property passed into their hands. Immediately they were overwhelmed with such a peculiar sense of freedom and independence that they became dissipated and abandoned to what leads to ruin. They felt that their stores were inexhaustible. Their father had gathered and they could scatter abroad. They could riot, drive fast horses, and resort to betting schemes with no particular concern about who won the bet; for they accounted that they could spend freely from the much at their disposal without any perceptible decrease of the same. They could drink and treat the crowd to a drink and then pay for it cheerfully. They could call for cigars for themselves and the crowd and pay for them also. Now for another scene which is a startling one. They would take money (a bank note) roll it up in the form of a taper made of paper, and then set it on fire. This torch served to fire the different cigars. Their money purchased the cigars, and their money, in the manner just described, "lighted their cigars."

This scene is startling. The reader may not, at once, see the extent of foolishness it represents. Some will exclaim that they must have been fools to have acted thus. Others will condemn, not only the burning of the money, but the use of money to buy what is of no utility. They will present the matter thus: What was the difference, as far as these young men were concerned, between burning a dollar or an amount of cigars that cost a dollar? In either case the dollar is gone. The reply may be that the dollar burnt is a dollar destroyed, but the dollar spent for what is of no utility is a dollar squandered for the sake of gratifying a perverted appetite. In the one case there was a loss of a dollar; in the other, of a dollar and a proper appetite. Let those who drink what intoxicates ask: Which is the wiser course, to spend ten cents for what intoxicates or cast ten cents into the fire? One serves to exhaust the pocket of its treasures; the other not only exhausts the pocket, but deprives reason of its proper sway. It robs the pocket, the heart and the home of what is essential to life, health, honor and happiness. The young man who spends money should ask: "What will such a use of money lead to?" Ten cents a day for cigars or liquor would amount in a year to \$36.50. In connection with this expenditure to what extent would I be unfitted for study? How would my habits be affected? Would I by such a course become the prey of the saloon?

Young man, count the cost and the loss.

The young men to whom I have referred learned that there were limits to their possessions. By money they abused themselves. They spent much money foolishly, which caused them to spend time foolishly, and to consign themselves to disgrace and a poverty that was measured by no money, no friends, no character and no happiness.

A Good Word From President Loos.

DEAR BRO. SPENCER:

Let me just drop in among your many correspondents and say a few words to you.

I am greatly pleased with the *MISSIONARY WEEKLY*—with its substance, its spirit, and aims. Its appearance, of course, also deserves all commendation. In its contents you are faithfully observing the divinest law of laboring only for that which "edifies." This is a matter of very great importance. Keep yourself strictly to that rule; reject whatever pulls down, whatever injures the intelligence, the hearts, and life of your readers. It is a terrible wrong to men for a newspaper to serve up to its readers, week after week, in column after column, contention, quarrels with them that are without and with them that are within, as the *food of spiritual life* on which they are to live. It is certainly a most odious thing, week after week, to teach men to disturb and hate one another—their brethren even.

On the contrary, teach men to love and respect each other, above all the many good everywhere. Insist on the truth boldly and bravely, but always with courtesy, dignity and charity. This is the divine law.

It is most injurious, also, to let the spirit of a paper be a bad one—the spirit of captiousness, ill-will, fault-finding, detraction, cynicism. What a moral calamity for old and young to breathe in, week after week, such an evil inspiration as that! Some unfortunate people are brought under such a fatal influence as that. You are, in your journal, respecting the law of the Holy Spirit. "Love the brotherhood," and God will bless you for it.

You are maintaining a becoming dignity of thought, manner, and speech in the *MISSIONARY*; and this is a matter of great moment. The aim of every teacher of men, wherever placed, should evermore be to *elevate* men, in all respects, in what is taught, and in the ways of thinking, feeling, and speaking. *Lift men up, never bring them down.* Not a rude thought, not a coarse, undignified word, should be allowed in a newspaper.

I am extremely glad, also, that you are earnest and true in advocating all the noble enterprises of the brotherhood. This, I know, is in harmony with the spirit of the brethren of Virginia and the regions reached by the *MISSIONARY*. The heart of your paper beats in full harmony with all the good men and women among us who are striving to glorify God in pushing on the interests of the kingdom of God at home and abroad.

For all these reasons I hear only everywhere where the *MISSIONARY* is known words of commendation of its course.

God's blessing must rest upon your work.

Affectionately yours,
CHAS. LOUIS LOOS.
LEXINGTON, KY.

Solomon.

BY E. R. PERRY.

Solomon was not mistaken when he said: "Vanities, all is vanity." After passing through a long life and a rich experience, he took an inventory of his earthly effects, and summed them up, and made a total of "vanity." "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." And after thus taking his inventory, and looking at the amount of his stock, and seeing that he must leave it to another, and not know whether he would be a wise man or a fool, and that all must turn to dust again—the rich, the poor, the bond and the free, and their spirits return unto God who gave them, he came to one final conclusion: "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man; for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil."

There are at least three things in the life of Solomon that claim our attention. First, his wisdom, for which he asked the

Lord. Second, his riches. Third, his honor; the last two of which he did not ask for. Solomon was very young when David died. Before his death David had him crowned as king.—I King, i: 39. And when the old king died he immediately occupied his father's throne, being but a child.—I King, ii: 12. And he sought that wisdom, which is from above, and which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."—Jas. i: 17. Soon after this a test of his wisdom came, by which he decided a case, most remarkable in its nature, concerning the two women and the living and dead child.—I King, iii: 16-26. After this he built the temple at Jerusalem, the grandest structure this earth ever saw. He also builded, planted and gathered together the rich treasures of earth, and stinted not himself in anything he desired on earth, and his wisdom remained with him all this time.—I King; Eccle. ii: 1-9. And yet all this wisdom was not proof against sin, for Solomon was one of the greatest idolaters. His riches, wisdom and honor—all combined did not save him from the most common sin of mankind. Indeed, his riches and his honors seem to have aided him in his wayward course; for if he had lacked these he could not have gained the hand of those heathen women who turned his heart away from the true and living God to "these dumb idols." But after all, there is one very comfortable hope about Solomon. While wisdom, riches and honor could not save him, the mercy of God did. He must have been saved, as I gather from the following Scripture: "If he commit iniquity I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men; but my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul, whom I put away before me."—II Sam. vii: 14-15; Psa. lxxxix: 30-33. "Great is the mercy of the Lord." "The mercy of the Lord endureth forever."
HOPEFUL, VA.

The Wonderful Workings of God's Word.

So far as we are informed, God has, in His dealings with man, wrought only by His Word. Creation was by the Word.—Heb. xi: 3; I Peter iii: 5, 7. The "New Creation" is by the Word.

1. Begotten by the Word.—James i: 18.
2. Quickened by the Word.—Psalm cxix: 50, 93; Jno. vi: 63.
3. Purified, heart and soul, by the Word.—Acts xv: 7-9; I Pet. i: 22.
4. Made wise unto salvation by the Word.—I Tim. ii: 15.
5. Received light by the Word.—Psalm cxix: 130.
6. Converted by the Word.—Psalm xix: 7.
7. Cleansed by the Word.—Jno. xv: 3; Eph. v: 25, 26.
8. Sanctified by the Word.—Jno. xvii: 17.
9. Born by the Word.—I Pet. i: 23.
10. Made free by the Word.—Jno. viii: 31, 32.
11. Saved by the Word.—Acts xi: 14; I Cor. xv: 2.
12. Made to rejoice by the Word.—Psalm xix: 8.
13. Thoroughly furnished for every good work by the Word.—II Tim. iii: 17.

The Word preached is the wisdom of God and the power of God.—I Cor. i: 18, 21, 24. Every instance of conversion recorded in the Bible is by hearing the Word.

Man will be resurrected by the Word.—Jno. v: 28, 29. We shall all be judged by the Word.—Jno. xii: 48.

Wonderful words of life! No wonder that Paul told Timothy to preach the word "in season, out of season."

It, the Word, was the weapon by which Jesus drove Satan from the field.—Mat. iv. 'Twas to teach us what we may do. It is the "sword" furnished by the Spirit. May we ever keep it buried and ready for the conflicts of this life.
W. A. CRUM.

Mountain Siftings.

BY CHAS. S. LONG.

"How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" are questions of very great interest to every one who looks forward to another life under different circumstances from those which now surround us. There can be no doubt but what the resurrection of the dead is the specific revelation of Christianity. Whatever the facts may be concerning the intermediate state, or the condition and existence of the spirit between death and the resurrection, this one fact is clear, that the resurrection of the body sufficiently fixes for us the form of the immortal life, and gives definiteness to our conceptions of it. If we understand the revealed method, then there is evidently the maintenance of individuality in the resurrection state, and, if individuality, then the continuous identity of the individual, which forms a reasonable basis for the so much desired Heavenly recognition. While it is generally conceded that the dead are to be raised up, there is not so much unanimity of belief concerning the nature of the resurrection, or as to "with what body do they come?" It is with a view of throwing light upon this subject, for the benefit of the many readers of the MISSIONARY who have but few facilities for investigating the question, that I copy the following extract from Chancellor Lipscomb's exposition of I Cor. xv, under the head of "Objections to the Resurrection, Replies Thereto, and Conclusions Involved."

"How far has Paul come on the path he has been treading? Beginning with the 'many infallible proofs,' of the forty days, and adding the appearance of the Lord Jesus to him, he has convicted those of an absurdity who denied a general resurrection. On various grounds the view they held was incredible. The moral consequences of their belief were set forth. True logic and pure morality condensed their departure from that 'righteousness' which only exists by virtue of 'the knowledge of God.' If the one class of thinkers whom he had answered had etherialized a fundamental, historic fact into a sheer fiction, so that a great truth was utterly lost, another class of thinkers stood arrayed against the doctrine itself, and refused its acceptance on the ground of its unreasonableness. Nature, they claimed, was on their side. Nothing that died lived again. The whole economy of the material world was opposed to it. A grave was a grave forever. Heaven and earth bore witness that death was death, and could never be other than death. Now, the body is a part of the physical kingdom, and, as such, has well-known properties, and is subject to certain laws. Well, he will discuss it on their ground. In the previous branch of the argument the basis was 'according to the Scriptures,' and he had constant occasion to say, Christ, Christ Jesus, Christ Jesus our Lord, Christ as the First-fruits, Christ in contact with Adam, etc. But there is a change, a noteworthy change now, and for some verses Christ is not named. According to nature, or by analogy, the argument has to proceed if the objectors are met. The new stand-point is promptly taken, and Paul and the philosophical critics are face to face. Who are these who have gathered before the eye of his imagination in that humble room in Ephesus, the proud and lordly city, whose commerce connected it with every land, and whose wealth was the wonder and envy of the world? Near by was the magnificent temple of Artemis, renowned over Ionia and far beyond, safe, too, in its renown, since no art of man could surpass its pillars of Parian marble, its doors of cypress-wood, its roof of cedar, resting on columns of jasper, and the great master-pieces of painting and sculpture by which it had been enriched. Likely enough, one who could quote from Menander, Aratus and Epimenides, knew something of Anacreon, Thales, Heraclitus, and others associated with Ionia and Ephesus. Would not some of these illustrious thinkers rise before his vision when he began to meditate on the questions growing out of the relations between soul and body, questions on which Greek intellect had expended its subtlest power of investigation? And would not that memorable

day in Athens flash back upon him from Mars' Hill, when he confronted the philosophers with the doctrine of the resurrection, some mocking, others saying: "We will hear thee again of this matter." However this may have been, it is certain that Paul understood perfectly the obligations made by Greek philosophy to the resurrection, and as to the 'how' and with 'what body'—the general and the specific basis of Greek hostility to the doctrine so near his heart.

To answer the two interrogatories—"how?" and "with what body?"—is the work now in hand. Paul had just closed an appeal by the sharp cry of 'awake to righteousness,' as if intent on arousing the church from stupor. Now, however, he begins with 'Thou fool,' or, rather, 'Fool,' expressing no harshness, but simply the want of wisdom. The analogy is stated at once: 'That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die'—reminding one of the similar words spoken by the Lord Jesus. (Jno. xii: 24.) The seed you sow has to die, to pass into decay and dissolution, its component parts separated, before the germ can disengage its life and begin to sprout. Like the seed, your body dies. Like that, your body by dying enters on a condition preparatory to living. If life thus proceeds from dissolution, the general question 'how' is met by the likeness between the decay of the seed and the body. The body of the seed dies, but it has a principle of life which springs thereby into active existence. Then, the contrast having been first presented between death and life, he advances to the second point: 'With what body do they come?' Not the old body; nothing can be clearer than that, for the destruction of the former body supplies the conditions from the process of deliverance from decay, and institutes the work of quickening. And what is the issue of the new process? It is a new body, for 'thou sowest not that body that shall be; if thou didst, what reality would be in the sowing; what foundation for the hope of the husbandman; what work for the providential agency of nature? On the supposition of the same body in the seed-grain dying and growing, the resemblance would be to sleep rather than death, and consequently the analogy here used would break down at the start. Hence, the statement so essential to the parallelism: 'Thou sowest not' the future body, but a body for transformation. It is 'bare grain' which is put into the ground. This is your work as a husbandman; but God is there to perform his part, and 'God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him.' Admitting that God gives the new body according to his pleasure, does it follow that this act is arbitrary because it is sovereign? Is nature set aside? Are the former laws that made that seed the kind of seed it was overthrown under the sod? Is it death to the economy of production, or is it production for reproduction? And he answers: God giveth 'to every seed his own body.' On the one hand, the continuity of nature is presumed, the particular character of the seed is not lost; and, on the other hand, the new growth is something unlike that which dies, for God has given it a different body. Similarity and contrast are both maintained. Is the identity destroyed? Nay. Is there a distinction between the body that dies and the body that lives? Yea. Identification must not conflict with dissimilarity; dissimilarity must not antagonize identification. Seen in this light, the change is one of form. Before death, there was body living; in death, body decayed and resolved into its elements; after death, body reconstructed. The identity lies in the fact of body; the difference in the substance, properties and form of body.

If so, what is there incredible in the resurrection? By analogy it is a possible event. Nature authenticates a principle which may find application to the human body; and if you ask, 'With what body do they come?' the reply is that it will be a new body, one of a higher form, one from him who 'giveth to every seed his own body.' Observe, then, the fact of the resurrection is not rested on analogy. The use of the analogical argument here is not for that purpose. Christ's resurrection establishes the fact of a general resurrection. But this having been assured,

analogy is employed to show the consonance thereof with reason, by pointing out a correspondence between it and the germination of seed. And how beautiful, as well as as truthful, is this use of nature! Enlightened from another source, even by the Spirit of God, Paul is in position to see the God of nature as the God of the resurrection. He goes to nature and asks, "Have you anything like this?" And she points him to the growing harvest, a few months ago 'bare grain,' and says, "So shall thy dead live!" Our Heavenly Father has not been content to give us great facts alone, but has superadded images, analogies, illustrations; and the grander the truth the more clear and copious its kindred associations. That sense of correspondence which exists in us all, and is a ministry of our convictions, is continually addressed by him, and by thousands of ties he binds together his Word and his works.

To be Continued.

RONCEVERTE, W. VA.

Giving or Investing.

BY MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches. Prov. xiii: 7.

To give places beyond our disposal; to invest places out of our immediate possession, but not, as far as we are able to see, out of our control.

If we give it is generally something for which we have very little care, and over which our care ceases when we make the disposal of gift.

When we invest our care is in no degree lessened, but often increased in proportion as we have reason to expect increased returns of the investment.

To give of that which we have earned, which we could still use profitably, is not always as charitable, as generous, as commendable as we are sometimes instructed. I do not say taught; instruction may be offered and not received; to be taught involves reception of the teachings. I believe emphatically in what is often called giving, but I do not believe in the way it is commonly attempted to be instilled into the minds especially of the young. I believe just as emphatically in withholding, and, for the very same reason, the responsibility of possession.

In the first place I do not own, in the same complete degree, that which is given me by another as I do what I have earned by my own legitimate endeavors. If a person, even in dying, transmits to me the results of their own labors I become to a certain extent the representative of that person in the disposal of that property—I honor or dishonor that legator in such disposal. Equally, too, I honor or dishonor the principle by which I profess to be governed in the use to which I put that which my own efforts have acquired.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and what portion of it comes under the control of my will, my will is responsible for, as to whether I use that portion in the service of its and my lawful Lord and Master, or give it over to the devil through his agencies. When we come to think of what we get and how we get it, what we bring into the world and what we take out of it, there is very little difference as to the actual ownership of property. One may be responsible for very little of the world's substance, another may have the care of a great deal and be held answerable at the bar of judgment for the way in which he has managed it; but when you call this shifting of goods giving, even if done according to the most orthodox methods, you often come very wide of the actual truth.

And even if giving be giving, which is the more commendable, to put means out of reach under the power of an inferior and possibly unworthy will, or invest it under the guidance of worthy force to the end that greater good to the greater number be achieved? In which case does your responsibility really render its accounts creditably, when you put money to a direct purpose, backed by your judgment and your prayers, or when you throw it into the channel directed by sentimental influence or impulse that is guided by the brain and governed by the power of what or whom you know not nor care?

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Yes, that reads giveth. I know it; it reads lendeth, too. You give it to the poor. They need it more than you do; it belongs to them, but God let you have it on trial; you have put it out from under your control; your care over it ceases; you have put just so much of what God charged up to you on your debit-page to the use He would have you put it to, so He sets that right down to your favor on the credit-page as lent to Him. He doesn't say paid to Him, mind you; that would be to receive it back as if you never had had anything to do with it, and end the matter, but He puts it in the exact position of an investment. Not done up in a napkin, not hid under a bushel, but lent, deposited for interest in the one perfect and invincible Bank of the Universe, under care of the One positively reliable Cashier of earth and Heaven. You needn't mind to enter it on your books; you cannot compute interest as God does; you never will know what the footings of those pages are till the final balancing of the books. But never worry. His accountant is perfect in figures; his teller is strictly honest; you will get every iota that belongs to you.

"The poor ye have always with you." Yes, who are they? Not those alone, perhaps, who have scanty and cheap clothing, plain food and humble lodgings. Oh, no; these conditions belong to some of the richest people you ever saw or ever will see. That boy poor yonder? No, he isn't. Did you not see him just now turn his clear, far-seeing eyes Heavenward to let the glory of the whole glowingsky right down through them to radiate and reflect into and upon his glad, pure soul? He owns that sky; every cloud, every star, every sunbeam that comes in range of the hemisphere he dwells on belongs to that boy. Notice him jog his head to listen. A bird wings its way through the trackless air, leaving a ripple of song to vibrate in its wake. The boy whistles a reply. He shouts a challenge to the world of joy and song. His voice tries every sound that enters his ear. Why, he would try the angels' "glad tidings of great joy" if the echoes had only reached so far that he might catch them. Poor little girl! She is not poor. Every beautiful picture of flower, or bird, or stream, every tender note of sweetness and purity, every loving glimpse of material life ever crossing her pathway gets into her heart and stays there. Miserable old man? You are mistaken. The world will be poor comparatively; his neighbors will be poor; you and I will meet with a loss when he takes out of this world into the next his wealth of divine wisdom, his knowledge of godliness and virtue and truth.

Wretched old woman? Listen to her. Did you know what that means, "All things are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's?" She knows. She has an eternal supply of the riches that are undimmed, incorruptible and that fade not away.

Poor? That woman in satin yonder whose chastity that man under the silken beaver bought for a price; that man who deeded an elegant home to a vile woman for his dishonored wife and children to struggle for after he goes to his place; that beautiful belle whose brain is starving for common sense, whose soul is freezing for one ray of true love's life-giving heat; that young man whose life-blood is changing to death-blood in his veins because it is fashionable to smoke and tittle, and he only knows or cares for fashion.

That man or woman who lacks the life that is hid with Christ in God is poor. That human being who has not wisdom has not anything, whether in this land or the land beyond the seas, anywhere, everywhere that the gospel of God has not penetrated the joints and marrow.

What have you to give? Money? What is money only a means to an end, and that end everlasting life? No more than the chips and dead leaves of the forest, valueless as the sands of the sea—valueless, until, by its activities as an agent, you transform it into a messenger of light and truth; nothing, till it has earned honor by doing honor to human necessities; worthless, till it holds up with golden hands the arms that extend the rod of salvation over the battle of sin and death; corruptible and

accursed of God just as long as it is in the service of sin, just as long as it tempts you to folly and your children to shame, just as long as you make an idol of it and set it up in the same dwelling-place with the altar of the Most High, even your heart, the temple of the Holy Ghost that is within you. Don't keep it, don't give it. Let it carry you out into the fields to glean and to serve, let it bless your neighbor's home and make it better and brighter, make it build up the fences of legal, moral and religious protection for yourself and your family. Invest it in every good work that promises a harvest of health and prosperity; according to the seed sown and the cultivation given, a harvest that not this, perhaps, but future generations shall reap and multiply and thank God for to your credit through the everlasting ages.

Elders or Bosses.

BY E. L. WALDROP.

Brethren McHatton, Spencer, Ratliffe and the editor, used words of great weight in speaking of "Church Officers," in the MISSIONARY of last week. Bro. Ratliffe says:

"I will try to diagnose one case of disease which afflicts the body called the church. I find one very dangerous and almost fatal malady, which I will designate *bossism* in the eldership. Now, there is no cause so potent as this in killing churches. You visit a church and find confusion, alienation, back-biting and general discontent, and inquire for the cause, and you will in four cases out of five, learn that the fault is in the officers. One large congregation in a certain Illinois city has a wealthy old lawyer as an elder. He is as absolutely dictator as the Pope ever was in the days of the reformers; he rules the deacons and the other elders with a priestly pomposity. He controls some members, and some revolt. He takes the church book, erases such names as refuse to obey his mandates, and declares the church re-organized."

I have heard of some elders being reproved for withdrawing from members in our own State, and employing preachers without consulting the church, and doing other objectionable and unscriptural things, and when reproved for it, replied: "We acted as men, and not as elders." If they continue to take such authority, how are we to know when they are acting as elders? The duties of an elder are not always understood. We have some as grand and good men in the eldership as we have in the ministry; but we certainly have some as unfit for their position, as we have men not suitable for the ministry.

Sister Nettie Filmore has an article on "How to Help Your Pastor," which should be read and re-read by every member of the church.

Bro. J. Z. Tyler has, also, an admirable article on "Idleness," which they would do well to peruse.

In the MISSIONARY of week before last, Bro. C. S. Lucas strikes the key-note of success with many a preacher, when he says: "No study, natural gift of oratory, or extended culture can compensate for face to face social ministering. We must cultivate people if we would win them and save them."

Bro. Abbott is doing a good work here, and is much beloved. CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Sabbath Observance Convention.

RICHMOND, VA., March 8, '89. —At a recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Richmond, Va., in accordance with a suggestion of Dr. Moses D. Hoge, a resolution was adopted in favor of inviting a Convention of the Christian people of Virginia to devise measures for securing better observance of the Sabbath. The following gentlemen were appointed as a committee to take the matter under advisement, and to adopt such arrangements as would in their judgement best promote the end in view:

For the Presbyterians: Rev. R. P. Kerr, D. D., Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D., and T. William Pemberton, Esq.

For the Episcopalians: Rev. J. B. Newton and T. W. Wood.

For the Methodists: Rev. W. E. Judkins, D. D., and C. W. Hunter.

For the Baptists: Rev. George Cooper, D. D., Rev. William E. Hatcher and Josiah Ryland.

For the Disciples: Rev. L. A. Cutler and B. M. Quarles. For the English Lutherans: Rev. J. S. Moser and Adam Diacon.

The undersigned was selected by the Alliance as chairman of this committee, and B. M. Quarles was subsequently chosen by the committee as its secretary. The gentlemen to whom this matter was committed felt the importance and sacredness of their trust, and began at once to confer as to the wisest and best thing to be done. After much deliberation they have agreed very heartily upon the following line of action:

1. That a Christian Sabbath Observance Convention shall be called to meet in the Grace Street Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., on Tuesday evening, April 16, 1889, at 8 o'clock.

2. That such a programme of topics shall be chosen for discussion during the Convention as will bring under review the perils, claims and needs of the Christian Sabbath, and that for the discussion of these several topics gentlemen of the very highest ability shall be chosen.

3. That every Christian church in the State of Virginia be respectfully requested to send as its representatives to this Convention its pastor and one layman.

4. That the committee will undertake, as far as practicable, to provide cordial entertainment for all duly appointed delegates to the Convention, and that those persons who expect to attend are requested to send their names to the Secretary of the committee, B. M. Quarles.

To this earnest action of the committee the attention of the Christian people of Virginia is respectfully called. It presents a movement worthy of respect and sympathy. We are invited to meet in the interest of the Christian Sabbath. How to guard it from desecration and so protect it as to make it a day for rest and worship are questions which this Convention will be called to consider. That important measures can be adopted in favor of a better observance of the Sabbath is true beyond all question, provided the Christian people will stand together. I do, therefore, in the name of the committee, cordially commend this movement to the Christian people of Virginia, and respectfully ask that they will send their representatives to the meeting to be held in Richmond on the 16th of April next.

WILLIAM E. HATCHER, Chm'r of Com.

All who propose attending this Convention will please notify the Secretary, B. M. Quarles, 1212 E. Main St. Homes will be provided only for those who do give such notification. Every church is entitled to two representatives, its pastor and one layman. Those who are coming, and will give notice, will have certificates sent them on which they can obtain reduced rates. F. D. Power, Rev. L. A. Fox, of Roanoke College; Dr. R. N. Sledd, Rev. Wilbur F. Craft, Rev. J. P. Smith, Rev. W. J. Young, Dr. Newton, J. W. Rosebro, S. K. Winn, R. H. Flemming, Wm. C. Preston and other distinguished speakers will be present.

L. A. CUTLER.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Heartburn After eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Sour Stomach I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Sick Headache I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

SECOND QUARTER.

APRIL 14, 1889.

THE REJECTED SON.

Mark xii: 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He came unto his own and his own received him not.—John i: 11.

TIME.—Tuesday, April 4, A. D. 30.
PLACE.—The temple at Jerusalem.
PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. xxi: 33-43; Luke xx: 9-19.
SUBJECT.—Rejecting our Savior and King.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—After the triumphal entry, Jesus and his disciples return to Bethany. As they return to Jerusalem the next day Jesus laid the curse on the barren fig tree. When they arrived at Jerusalem, Jesus went into the temple and cast out those who were engaged in worldly traffic. That night they returned to Bethany and on the next day as they returned to Jerusalem, Peter calls his attention to the withered fig tree. He uses the incident to teach them a lesson in faith. As he was walking in the temple the chief priests, scribes and elders demanded of him by what authority he did these things. He answered this question by asking them another, "The baptism of John, was it from Heaven, or of men?" This question put them to confusion, and they answered, "We cannot tell." He now teaches them by a parable, whence he received his authority and who he is. The clearness with which he, in this parable, sets before them the history of the past, and their purpose now concerning him, must have convinced them that he was the Son of whom he spoke in the parable.

1. And he began to speak unto them by parables. A certain man planted a vineyard, and set a hedge about it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country. 2. And at the season he sent to the husbandmen a servant, that he might receive from them the fruit of the vineyard. 3. And they caught him, and beat him, and sent him away empty. 4. And again he sent unto them another servant, and at him they cast stones, and wounded him in the head, and sent him away shamed. 5. And again he sent another; and him they killed, and many others, beating some, and killing some. 6. Having yet therefore one son, his well-beloved, he sent him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence my son. 7. But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours. 8. And they took him, and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard. 9. What shall therefore the lord of the vineyard do? he will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others. 10. And he said unto them, The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner. 11. This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. 12. And they sought to lay hold on him, but feared the people: for they knew that he had spoken the parable against them: and they left him, and went their way.

1. And he began to speak unto them in parables. A certain man planted a vineyard, etc.—A certain man, in Matthew, the householder, represents God. The vineyard represents the Jews whom God had settled in this land and upon whom he had bestowed peculiar blessings and privileges to make of them a peculiar people, separate and distinct from the idolatrous nations by whom they were surrounded. The husbandmen were the rulers and priests to whom was committed the care and culture of the people. Upon the faithful discharge of their duty depended the character of the fruit brought forth by the people. Having done every thing for his people that was necessary, God now leaves them to themselves, so as to test their obedience and faithfulness.

2-5. And at the season he sent to the husbandmen, etc.—When the season of fruit came the householder sent to receive his share of the fruit, which he had a right to expect from the husbandmen, but they treated the message with contempt, mistreating in various ways the messengers, beating some, stoning some and killing some. God expected fruit from the Jews. He expected the fruit of obedience, true worship, holy lives, but the rulers had cared not for the people, had not trained them in a knowledge of God and his truth, consequently they had not developed such character as God had a right to expect. They had fallen into formalism, unrighteousness and disobedience. God was merciful and long-suffering. Again and again he sent prophets to recall the rulers and the people to a discharge of their duties, but these messengers they considered as intruders and they would not hear them. They were not willing to render to him any account, but stoned the messengers, beat them and finally killed them.

6-8. He had yet one, a beloved Son.—The householder determined to make one more effort. He sent to the husbandmen his only Son, his well-beloved Son, thinking they would reverence him. But they, in their selfishness said among themselves, This is the heir; let us kill him, and the inheritance will be ours. They killed him and cast him out of the vineyard. So God, in his mercy and forbearance, determined to make one more effort to recall these Jews to allegiance to him. He sends his Son, his only Son, his well-beloved Son, the greatest gift he has to give. In this gift he exhausted all of his resources. He had nothing more to give. Jesus, in his declaration, now reveals himself to them as the Son of God. They knew him, yet they who pretended such reverence for the tombs of the prophets, and said that had they lived in the days of their fathers they would have received

them very differently, now take counsel to take the Son and by wicked hands crucify him.

9. What therefore shall the lord of the vineyard do, etc?—There was but one answer to that question, which, according to Matthew, the rulers themselves gave. He will miserably destroy those wicked men and will let out his vineyard to other husbandmen who shall render him their fruits in their season. The sentence which they pronounce upon themselves was a just one, but was so terrible that the people cried out: God forbid. The prophecy has been literally fulfilled.—(Acts xiii: 46.)

10-11. Have ye not read even this Scripture, etc?—This is a prophecy of his future triumph and glory in spite of his rejection. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—(1 Cor. iii: 11.)

12. And they sought to lay hold on him, etc.—They must have clearly understood the teaching of this parable, but still they would now have carried out their wicked purpose but for the fear of the people.

"Must Not Strive."

BY GEO. M. LOLLAR.

In Paul's second letter to Timothy (ii: 22-25), there is a lesson that I fear some of the Lord's servants have never learned. The subject of that lesson is "The servant of the Lord must not strive." There is no conflict between this and that scripture which bids us "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Special reference here is had to the "striving about words to no profit."

Notice—"The servant of the Lord" must avoid—turn away from

1. "Foolish" questions.
2. "Unlearned" questions, because

3. "They do gender—bring forth strife."

Let us see what is implied in these prohibitions. What is "A foolish question?" Evidently a silly, senseless question; the answer to which is unimportant. How unbecoming the servant of the Lord to engage in the discussion of such questions. How much unnecessary strife might be avoided if we were only careful to avoid questions of this character. Now, let us ask what is an "Unlearned" question?

Perhaps it will be sufficient to answer, that there are many things in the spiritual realm not revealed—not taught—and which cannot be settled by discussion because of the lack of proofs. For instance, what good could grow out of the discussion of this question, "Will our little ones, who leave us, remain little ones throughout eternity, or will they be full grown men and women?" Is not this an "Unlearned question?" Yet I have an opinion, perhaps my brother has a different one; shall I seek opportunities to spring this question upon him and others, while as his opinion and others is worth just as much as mine? And yet this is a fruitful source of strife.

It is certainly much better to be "Gentle toward all men." Better to spend our time in studying the "Wisdom which the Holy Ghost" has taught, so that we may be "Apt to teach." Better to establish a guard over ourselves, and learn to be "Patient." Better, much better, to hunger and thirst for "A meek and quiet spirit." Better to "Follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another," for it is written "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory." Strive to walk humbly, and so commend the dear Christ to the minds and hearts of all.

WHEELER, ILL.

"The Ideal Woman."

BY GEO. F. MCGEE.

I had the pleasure not long since of listening to a lecture on the above subject by F. D. Power, of Washington. A few years ago I heard one of like nature from Dr. Willets, of Louisville, Ky., on "The Model Wife." The "Ideal" of the one and the "Model" of the other may be found in the "virtuous woman" of Proverbs xxxi: 10-31. Realizing that this passage is the product of inspiration, we behold a character drawn, not by man, but by the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of God guides and directs the pencil which delineates that character. Mark then what this pattern involves:

Throughout the Bible God's

Spirit is constantly presenting patterns, forms, models, rules and standards for man's guidance—for his imitation—to which he is to conform; by which he is to fashion his own character and life; by which he is to measure himself. The end and aim being perfection of heart and life. Whenever then in God's Word we find such superior models we are under obligation to study them closely and constantly, that we may become more and more transformed into the image of the Father.

But the attention of women especially is called to the character here delineated. It is that of "A virtuous woman." Virtue here, while it includes female chastity, does not confine itself to that. It involves all true womanly excellence and worth. It involves domestic worth in every phase of home and household life. It includes moral worth; "Strength and honor are her clothing; benevolence is a prominent feature; 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; spiritual worth is the crown which encircles the brow of this God-given model. 'A woman that leareth the Lord.'"

Where in the pages of heathen or infidel literature is there a model like this one? Where in all history is there a character so beautiful, so truly virtuous as this? Even the pen of inspiration seems unable to tell her worth. "Her price is far above rubies." Human speech is too poor to express it. The language of heaven alone can describe her excellences.

But note this, that the writer intimates in his opening words the scarcity of such. "Who can find a virtuous woman?" The idea seems to be that they are hard to find. True virtue, true worth, true excellence, whether in man or woman, is hard to find. In view of this scarcity, and of the fact that this model is from heaven, let all womankind make a closer study of the same. It is a principle in human nature that the mind, and so the heart and life of man become assimilated to those qualities and characteristics upon which they dwell most. Let then the minds of men and women dwell often and long upon these divine models of God's holy Word.

HAMPTON, VA.

Under Ten Flags.

ATHENS, FEB'Y 10, 1889.

DR. Z. T. SWEENEY, COLUMBUS, IND.
My Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 18th ult., from which I am happy to see that you have been pleased at Athens and kindly remember my family and me.

We all recollect that you gave us the honor to breakfast with us on my daughter's birthday, 7th of May, 1887, in company with Dr. Moore, of London, and Dr. Everett, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose untimely death we deeply deplore.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the copy you sent me of your work, "Under Ten Flags," an "Historical Pilgrimage," in which you describe your journey to the Eastern countries and back. The book is splendidly gotten up; but its contents are in perfect harmony with its outward appearance, for it is written with a mastery hand, full of most interesting and highly useful information and beautifully illustrated with excellent engravings. I highly congratulate you on the work, feeling sure that it will be highly appreciated by the intelligent, and that it will have a very long life. I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

HEINRICH SCHLEIMANN.

Dr. Schleimann, the writer of the above, is a German by birth, who amassed a large fortune in business in St. Petersburg, Russia. He retired from business in 1863 and travelled extensively and acquired many languages. In 1869 he published at Paris "Trois Voyages en Troie," giving an account of his travels in those regions; in 1874 followed his "Trojanische Alterthümer," giving an account of the excavations he had undertaken on the plateau of Hisarlik, and accompanied by an "Atlas trojanische Alterthümer," consisting of 217 photographic plates. In 1875 he commenced excavations at Athens and Mycenae, and in 1877 he discovered there the tombs of Agamemnon and his companions, containing treasures of gold and silver of the highest artistic interest, and later he published a description of his discovery—Mycenae. He received in 1885 the royal gold medal from the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Z. T. SWEENEY.

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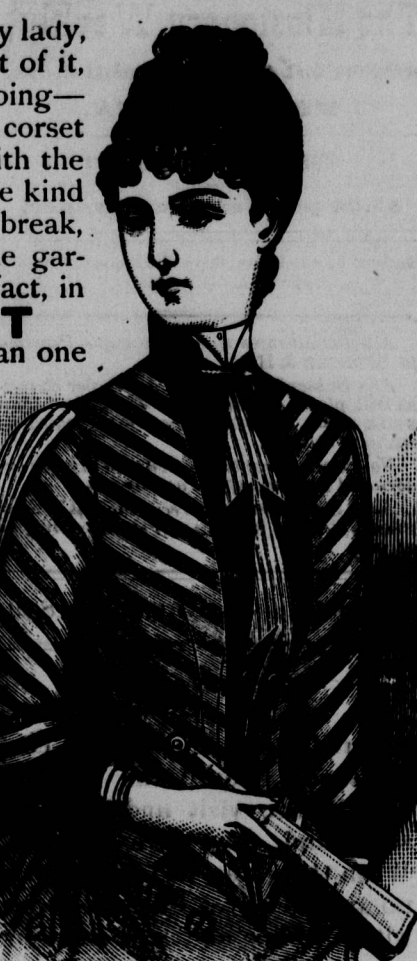
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Arr. White Sulphur Spgs., 1:15 p.m. 4:35 a.m.

Arr. Clifton Forge, 3:40 p.m. 9:10 a.m.

Arr. Staunton, 4:15 p.m. 9:45 a.m.

Arr. Waynesboro Junc., 5:15 p.m. 10:35 a.m.

Arr. Charlottesville, 9:40 p.m. 5:40 a.m.

Arr. Washington, 11:35 p.m. 7:40 p.m.

Arr. Baltimore, 11:45 a.m. 11:00 p.m.

Arr. Philadelphia, 6:20 a.m. 6:20 a.m.

Arr. New York, 9:00 p.m. 3:15 p.m.

Arr. Newport News, 11:25 a.m. 6:00 p.m.

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THURSDAY, - - APRIL 4, 1889.

The Son of God.

Merciful and marvellous condescension moved the heart of our Lord to visit and save the sons and daughters of men. When there was no eye to pity, no arm to save; when men were without hope and without God; when all, like sheep, had gone astray; when hell seemed to have triumphed and demons dwelt in men; when ignorance and wickedness had spread like a flood over the tallest hills of human life; when the people sat in great darkness, then our divine Savior came to lift up a standard, to beat back our foes, to conquer Satan, to reveal the Father's love, to warm every heart, to bring the glad tidings of salvation and set every prisoner free. Prophets had been sent and had been rejected and slain. Wicked men would not endure their reproof. At last came John the Baptist, than whom no greater prophet had been born; but for having dared to reprove a king he was beheaded. Jesus of Nazareth came mingling with the people as a teacher, physician, shepherd, and as a lover of mankind. The poor, the despised, the out-cast, the sick, the weary, the discouraged and broken-hearted were made the especial objects of his mercy. He made claims which no one since the dawn of history has ever made. He came from above. He came to do not only in Himself, but in others as well, what no man could ever do for himself. He never hated any one, but was the greatest lover the whole, loveless, fallen race has ever seen. "Having loved His own, He loved them to the end." No words so tender ever fell from a mother's lips upon the ears of her child as those He spoke to the ignorant and despairing who thronged Him. Into the grand, solemn, fathomless depths of His being the disciples looked and read a golden destiny which "some sweet day" they should inherit. When He said to them, "Will ye also go away?" Peter answered for himself and others: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." He had become the inspiration and the foundation of their faith and hope and love. He was their all. On one occasion He asked, "Who do men say that I the Son of Man am?" Simon Peter answered that the people thought Him one of the dead prophets come back. Then lovingly he asked, "But who say ye that I am?" Peter quickly answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." They believed that the "Son of Man" was also the "Son of God"—God as well as man. Then Jesus, after saying, "Blessed art thou," told of his coming church and its security against all the allied powers of evil.

When (as recorded in the ninth chapter of John) Jesus said to the blind beggar, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" the response was, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" Then said Jesus, referring to Himself, "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee." How, in the pres-

ence of these two and many other such passages, can any one say, as some reckless skeptics have said, "Jesus never claimed to be the Son of God?" But we, like the beggar whose eyes were opened, worship Him whom by faith we have "seen," who "talketh" with us out of his gospel, and who hath made us partakers of His spirit.

Even the centurion who beheld Him at the crucifixion, was impelled to glorify God and say, "Certainly this was the Son of God." That verdict has never been reversed. Oh, that the pulpit could cause the world to see Jesus as that centurion saw Him, and to confess Him as Divine! The following language of Napoleon, quoted from Liddon's "Divinity of our Lord," is well authenticated and has thrilled many hearts. We trust it shall make as strong an impression on the reader as it has made on us. When conversing about the great men of the ancient world, and comparing himself with them, he turned to Count Montholon with the enquiry, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" The question was declined, and Napoleon proceeded, "Well, then, I will tell you. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and I myself have founded great empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this day millions would die for Him."

I think I understand something of human nature; and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man; none else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than man. . . . I have inspired multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion that they would have died for me, but to do this it was necessary that I should be visibly present with the electric influence of my looks, of my words, of my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts. Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man towards the Unseen that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space. Across a chasm of eighteen hundred years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy; He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart; He will have it entirely to Himself. He demands it unconditionally, and forthwith his demand is granted. Wonderful! In defiance of time and space the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who sincerely believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love towards Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the scope of man's creative powers. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This is it which strikes me most; I have often thought of it. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

THE CHURCH IN CITIES.—Each denomination tries to outdo the others in rearing costly structures and heaven-piercing spires. It would be a much wiser use of money to build many churches than a few fine churches. The poorer class do not feel free to enter and worship in the fine churches. Because they cannot pay their share of the large expenses of such churches, and because they cannot dress as well as the wealthy patrons of such churches, they stay away from them and do not attend public worship at all. The remedy must be found in building more and plainer churches. Until this is done the masses will not be reached.—*Southern Evangelist.*

Editorial Notes.

—G. L. Wharton, one of our missionaries to India, changes his address to Adelaide, South Australia, care T. J. Gore. This is only temporary, we presume.

—The *Dispatch, Times and State*, of this city, have greatly assisted the meeting now in progress at Seventh Street Church by their daily notices of its progress. They have our thanks.

—The meeting at Seventh-street Church, a union meeting conducted by the three congregations of Disciples in this city, continues with fine interest. About seventy persons have accepted the gospel invitations up to the Tuesday night.

—A correspondent writes: "I know a brother who takes two and sometimes three papers, all published in our own county, and borrows my *Christian Standard* to read church news."

He is not the first foolish one who tried to borrow from the wise. His lamp must be going out.

—For our General Home Missions fifty thousand dollars is the smallest sum we should think of offering. The State organizations raised last year nearly one hundred thousand dollars, to which we may add thirty-five thousand dollars contributed by district and county organizations. If to this sum we add twenty-five thousand dollars raised by the G. C. M. C. for all departments, we have an aggregate of \$160,000 raised by the Disciples for Home Missions. We are able to increase this to \$200,000 without great effort. If the churches which do nothing will come forward with handsome offerings, the aggregate will be far more than this sum.

—The time is short. Life is compared to a day. To serve God worthily one cannot enlist too soon. The coming of children into the kingdom is more in harmony with the teaching of Christ than the coming of the aged. The latter are accepted when they come in sincerity; but Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." If they come as children, they will not have to come as aged men and women. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God" is a familiar and forcible declaration of our Lord's will. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, when the evil days come not," is as appropriate and wise counsel to-day as when Solomon wrote it.

Friends in Council.

Dear "Friends in Council," many of us need counsel—counsel in regard to our dealings one with another. Glance at some of our religious (?) papers and see what an amount of unscriptural language is used. Some of our best and most pious men are called "Popes," "Leaders of Babylon," etc. Now, "Friends," we learn from the Apostle James that it is our duty to bridle our tongues. Is it not equally our duty to bridle our pens? Oh! let us stop using such harsh language. Let us not write to a brother what we would not say to him face to face. It is a truthful old saying, that kind words can never die. And Solomon says: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Kind words are the golden links that bind our hearts together in an unbroken chain. I have always loved the MISSIONARY WEEKLY because its pages have ever been free from harsh words.
D. H. PETREE.
GREAMTONT, N. C.

I notice that most that appears in this column is written for the benefit of the preachers more especially, and I wish to contribute a few lines for the benefit of their hearers. It may be that some of you, brethren, listen regularly to a preacher who seems cold and in-

different in his work, whose manner lacks grace, whose utterances lack emotion and whose preaching is ineffective. Now, I am disposed to think that you are partly in fault if such is the case. Has it ever occurred to you that *good listening* is as important to the preacher as *good preaching* is to the hearer? Do you not know that the speaker must catch much of his inspiration from the pews, and if one brother nods, another thumbs his hymn-book, and another looks languidly out at the window while the preacher is presenting some thought that he has hammered out at white-heat in the glowing forge of his brain during the past week, can you expect him to manifest any great amount of enthusiasm? He may have prepared these very utterances for you, and prayed earnestly that what he might say would make you a wiser and a better man, and your indifference may have so chilled his ardor and so numbed his sensitive, loving nature as to unnerve him and unfit him, to some extent, to impress them. You surround him with these freezing mixtures, and then wonder why he does not "warm up."

A great tragedian once failed because, as he said, when he threw out the magnetic cords of sympathy, three young people in the rear of the house failed to catch hold of them and respond. There is wonderful power in an attentive, earnest, sympathizing listener. If you cannot be interested, *appear so* anyway, for sake of courtesy.

If your preacher has said some things in his sermon that did you good, go to him and tell him so, and press his hand as you say it. Don't be afraid of spoiling him—it will do him good, and you too. Make it a point to mention something in his sermon that was new to you, or that you thought true, or that was well said, and you will thus encourage him to do still better next time. *Make him feel that his work is appreciated.* Some good men are starving for this. Now, just try these things a while, and if you don't find that you have a first rate preacher, and that he is doing good and efficient work in his Master's cause, then I am much mistaken in the man.

C. M. ARNOLD.

SMITHFIELD, KY.

"RULES FOR PREACHERS."

1. Be gentle.
2. Not too long.
3. Have a certain delicate respect for your hearers.
4. Commence calmly, and in less than ten minutes be fully in motion—all steam on.
5. Reserve power to close with; don't be tired when you approach the final.
6. Don't run off on side issues.
7. Above all things, remember the blessed Jesus hears every word; and more, He begs you to do your best, not to display yourself, but to win, at least, some of those for whom he died.

IOTA.

LEEVILLE, TEN.

A typographical error occurs in my last, March 28. For "grove" read grave; also an omission, of my own, I presume. After the words "sight of either," insert, "but the other," to get the sense intended.

It is the shallow stream that clatters and fuses and foams, and spasmodically splashes over its rough uneven bed, but the deep current moves quietly, calmly, but powerfully on. You cannot hear it move, yet the strength of thousands of horses would not equal its power. Some religionists measure ones' Christianity, and the "quantity" of the Spirit is given him by the noise and demonstration he makes. But it is not the fussiest, noisiest Christian that has the greatest depth of either faith or fervency; indeed, the experienced pastor has learned to rely, especially in an emergency, on the "deep-current" Christians of his flock.
W. A. R.

I once lived at a place where we wanted a church-house. We met, drew plans, discussed those plans and disagreed about them for a year or so, and then gave it up. A preacher came, preached the gospel, fired us up; we met and resolved to build a house for the congregation; appointed a building committee, ordered them to build a house, and all went to work and built the house and soon paid off the debt. That is the differ-

ence between *plans* and *work*. The world is perishing for the Gospel; we profess to have it. Shall we begin to discuss plans, change plans, and differ and divide on plans, or shall we go to work—which?

In the name of God, and for the sake of his Son and Savior, let us go to work. I am an old Soldier of the Cross, but find plenty to do yet.
A. JONES.

Death is always sad enough under the most favorable circumstances—surrounded by friends and prosperity, peace with God, a clear record, a waiting crown, a full ripe age. But it is no respecter of persons, age or character. In 1887, a dear brother, having failed in business farther east, boldly opened out at Hugoton, Kan., all expectant of retrieving his lost fortune and doing a good work in the Church of God. He was succeeding—had become prominent in business and a leader in religious matters. Suddenly he was smitten with typhoid fever, and lingering in the extreme heat of July and August, died—his work finished, but the work of the church sorely smitten. He went in the prime of life when he seemed needed most. When he lay dying his wife was in another room unconscious with the same disease. Reluctantly she had given up her home, and constantly regretted her consent to go to that level, sandy plain, where the wind bears the sand before it at intervals in suffocating storm. Away from the luxuries of childhood and friends, she passed peacefully into the unseen to join her husband in Beulah land. Is there no solution of such a providence? Is it the wisdom of God? May we understand the mystery?
R. E. DUNLAP.

DEAR LODGE, MON.

Many brethren have fallen into the habit of using the word *pastor* in an unscriptural sense. So I think. The following from the MISSIONARY WEEKLY is given to show what I mean: Bro. H. B. Sherman, says, "The church at Byer, Ohio have about one hundred members, and have recently erected a very neat and suitable meeting-house, but they have no pastor as yet, but soon will have." If this congregation has elders or bishops (and I presume it has of course has), how is it that it has no pastor yet?

Under the head of Nebraska News, Bro. Chas. Hazelrigg says: "Many of our congregations in the State are without pastors. The demand is greater than the supply." From this we may infer that a congregation is incomplete without a pastor, notwithstanding it may have elders or bishops. Is this actually so? Our distinguished Bro. L. L. Carpenter, in his Indiana notes and news, referred to Pastor S. W. Brown at Logansport; to the new pastor of Tipton, Bro. E. S. Conner, who is a young man of rare ability; to Pastor Thomas Jones, of Seymour. In this way I could continue to make quotations from the writings of my brethren. Paul exhorted Timothy to "Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me in faith and love, which is in Christ Jesus." Now, must not scriptural words also be used in the sense given by inspired authority? I solicit the scriptures that make a distinction between bishops and the *pastor* of a congregation. Let's call "Bible things by Bible names."
J. S. D.
JUNCTION CITY, TEX.

In Phil. ii: 3, we find the following: "Let each esteem other better than themselves."

Will some of the "Friends in Council" give us their views?

Z. PARKER RICHARDSON.

LOUISA C. H., VA.

MEEKNESS.—When our Savior invited the "heavy laden" to come to him, he added: "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."—Mat. xi: 28, 29. Those who have accepted His invitation, and profess to be His disciples, should not neglect to learn of Him; and there is nothing to be learned of greater importance than *meekness*. This can best be learned by taking Jesus as our model; for he says: "I am meek and lowly in heart." This moral excellence was prominent in many of the ancient saints, among whom Moses, I believe, was the most distinguished for meekness. "The man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the

face of the earth."—Num. xii: 3. But in the New Testament, we find this virtue shining out in all its heavenly beauty, in the person of the Lord Jesus. He alone was perfect in meekness. Paul seems to have had a deep impression of the meekness of Christ. This is evinced by nearly all his letters to the churches. In II Cor. x: 1, he says: "Now, I, Paul, myself, beseech you, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," etc. Many scriptural declarations, in both Testaments, might be cited that beautifully set forth the meekness of our Savior. Paul exhorts his brethren at Philippi to do nothing "through strife or vainglory, but, in lowliness of mind, let each esteem other better than themselves." He then points to the example of Christ, saying: "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."—Phil. ii: 3-7. If the humility, resignation and submission to the divine will, manifested by our Savior in His painful death upon the cross, were in all his disciples, then would each one willingly bear his own cross. His will would then be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

S. N. SHOUSE.

Moral reformations are expected to be inaugurated by the Church, and ministers of the gospel are expected to take the initiatory steps. If the Church will speak out bravely and decidedly against any evil that menaces the good order of the community and the peace of the Church itself, good results are sure to follow.

Our town contains a population of about 20,000, and has the usual mixture of the foreign element, and the avocations usually pursued by different nationalities in the average New England town. It has been the custom of cigar and fruit stores to be open all day Sunday. Lately some of the ministers have spoken decidedly against Sunday desecration, and one of the more influential churches appointed a committee to wait upon the officials with a request that these places be closed on the Lord's-day. The result was the police were instructed to see that the wish of the petitioners was carried out. A marked change has been effected. We think that if the same, or similar means, were employed in regard to the sale of intoxicants by rum mills and drug stores, the effect would be as marked. It is a notorious fact that whiskey is habitually sold on the Lord's-day in utter defiance of law and occasional protests from an isolated pulpit. I believe that if preachers of the Gospel will take concerted action along these lines, their congregations will give them their cordial support and the desecration of the Lord's-day will be largely lessened. Brethren, let us be ready to move in these important matters.
S. B. MOORE.

DANBURY, CONN.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I desire a share in this good work you are doing for the Master, and come to you with a suggestion. You remember the call made by the *Standard* (other papers joining in) for a "movement all along the line." It is already a success. The number of meetings reported each week show great increase in numbers. God is in this work; therefore, let us "be strong and of good courage." I am sure Truth shall be triumphant.

But I want to urge another "movement all along the line." Let it be known as the Sunday-school movement. I know from experience that a little united effort will almost double your numbers, and I think we can find no better work for the spring months. What do you say about an effort along this line? Let the preacher or superintendent report the average attendance for each month at the end of the month; also increase over preceding month; also amount of collection. In this way I think we can create an increased interest in this department of church work. If all the schools can't be reported on account of lack of space, let those having an aver-

age of 175 or more. This will stir up some of our Sunday-morning sleepers. If the above is worth anything, will some one make an improvement on the suggestion? J. W. HARDY.
MADISONVILLE, KY.

Jehovah was King of the Israelites. When they wished to have a man-king like the heathen nations, He permitted it; but Samuel, His prophet, selected the king, even Saul, who was simply to reign as God's servant, God ruling through him. Samuel, as God's prophet, set aside Saul because he did not strictly obey Jehovah in his ruling, and selected and anointed David to be king of Israel just because David would recognize Jehovah as the real king, and himself as only His agent.

Because the Israelites forsook Jehovah, disobeyed His statutes and thus rejected Him as King, judgment after judgment overtook them; a portion went into captivity and never returned, and those that remained in India came under the yoke of the Caesars. But the prophets foretold a Messiah, one of David's line to be anointed Prince of Israel, whose kingdom would finally embrace all nations. This Prince was to be Immanuel—God with us—so that thus in the end the Israelites, (and the true Israel is to comprehend all the families and nations of earth), in receiving the Messiah as their king, becoming his loving, obedient subjects, really and truly accept and obey and acknowledge Jehovah as King. It is the "Lamb that was slain" that is "in the midst of the throne." Not by the sword, but by dying for his enemies, does he conquer the world and bring it into subjection. Truly all his subjects can say, "We serve a Monarch whom we love." But let no one claim that he loves Jesus, unless he actually is serving him, and to serve is to obey, for "his servants ye are to whom ye obey." We reject Jesus from being our king if we do not render him loving obedience.

J. J. MILES.

Siftings.

BY CHAS. S. LONG.

I left home on the 25th ult., to attend the Christian Workers' Meeting at Smyrna. I stopped over a day at Louisa C. H., and enjoyed the hospitality of old friends, and left them with a promise to preach for them Thursday night of this week. At Richmond I found brethren Spencer, Cutler and Cole engaged in a union meeting with the most encouraging prospects, and, therefore, unable to accompany me to Smyrna. I expected to find company at West Point, but was again disappointed, as Bros. A. S. and C. L. Morrison could not go. Bro. Cocke, however, met me at that place, and together we journeyed to Stevensville, where we found Bros. E. B. Bagby, Geo. McGhee, and Preston Cave.

The Convention opened on Friday morning, with a large audience present. The writer was elected chairman, and E. B. Bagby secretary. An address of welcome was delivered by W. J. Cocke, and briefly responded to by the chair. The places of absentees was supplied, so that the programme was carried out to the entire satisfaction of the large congregation present on both days of the meeting. Bros. Alfred Bagby and W. R. D. Moncure (Baptist preachers) favored us with their presence and gave us some good talks. The chief speakers of the Convention were E. B. Bagby, Geo. McGhee, Preston Cave, W. J. Cocke, John Hundley, Dr. B. H. Walker, Booker Garnett, Capt. A. Bagby, and Chas. S. Long.

The addresses of Bro. Garnett and Dr. Walker were well received, and the Convention unanimously requested them for publication in the MISSIONARY. The hospitality of Smyrna Church is proverbial, and she lost none of her reputation in ministering to the large audiences who gathered on both days. The meeting was a decided success, and will, no doubt, stimulate the brethren and sisters of that section to greater efforts in co-operative work. Smyrna Church is a model church, and, under the pastoral care of Bro. Cocke, she is moving along in the right direction. Capt. Bagby, the efficient Sunday-school superintendent,

said they intended to have the best Sunday-school this year in the history of Smyrna Church.

I remained over Sunday and preached to a full house, both morning and evening. I left them this morning with a promise to return some time the coming summer and assist Bro. Cocke in a meeting.

Will Bro. A. A. Ferguson, secretary of the Virginia Christian Workers' Meeting, notify the MISSIONARY readers as to the time for holding next meeting, and who are on the Committee on Programme?

RICHMOND, VA.

Washington Territory Letter.

BY T. M. FOSTER.

I have recently bought me a home near the city; we moved in a few days ago, and it looks now like we might be settled for life. Last Friday the Christian Workers' Society met at our new home. They had met with us on a former occasion, but the strange thing about this meeting was, the good sisters gave us a severe pounding. Every one—and there was a good many of them—brought a pound of something, and it was good and substantial. Then the pounds were so much; I'll venture they told the merchants who it was for, and made them give good measure. Now, that sort of thing was altogether new to me, and when Sister Davenport, the president, made a nice speech, telling me how much they loved me and appreciated my work, and knowing the sacrifice we had made in coming so far, they wanted to help us start in life again, I was overcome. Another strange thing about it was they kept it a profound secret. Let no one say after this that the sisters can't keep a secret. It is not uncommon in this Western country to find persons who were once with us among the denominations. Many of them have lived for years where we had no church, and after waiting long for help have finally yielded, and found a religious home with others. I have talked with some of this class here, and they told me that they went in with the distinct understanding that they did not believe all these churches taught, and as soon as we started a church they would return to their former home; but that in many cases is not easy to do. Ties have been formed which will be hard to break, and, like all mistakes, it will require great effort and much courage to correct it. I can't see from where I am how one of our brethren could unite with these churches, and yet I have been touched with the story of some of these wandering brethren. The only remedy for this state of things is to preach faithfully the Gospel; for no one who fully understands that can honestly unite with the denominations. I am afraid that our preachers are not as faithful to our great plea as our fathers were. These old themes have been discussed so much it is very difficult to interest an audience in them. Hence, the preacher is tempted to preach on something novel or new. I would not have any one believe that I am in favor of reproducing the style of preaching indulged in fifty years ago. The same old truths must be clothed in a new dress, and presented in a kind spirit. There is as much need of presenting our distinctive plea to-day as there was in the beginning of our movement, and the moment we cease to do so our mission is ended, and God has no further use for us as a people. I see that some of the good brethren are discussing the question of receiving the pious unbaptized into our churches. It occurs to me that we have nothing to do in the matter. The Lord settled the question as to who could enter His church a long time ago. But, says one, we can take them in and perhaps they will be baptized when they learn that it is their duty. Yes, but can we get them in without baptism? If we can, then our teaching has been false, and the inspiration of my life is gone. But you say, will not some of the pious who are not baptized be saved? Yes, but let the Lord make the exception, and not us. We should attend to our business and let the Lord's alone. He has told us in plain terms how to receive persons into His Church. Let us faithfully point out this way, and leave all who do not fully walk in it in the

hands of the Lord. My work here moves along nicely, with fifteen added since the first of January. The General Board will help us this year. For this help we are glad. I am satisfied that money invested here will pay. A strong church here would send out a light through all this Territory. I am receiving letters from all parts of the country about this Territory. I will answer them as soon as I can.
WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TER.

Valley of Virginia Notes.

BY J. D. HAMAKER.

Our meeting at Edinburg closed with no additions, yet we felt that much good was done. We remembered the Missionaries while there and took up a collection for that purpose. Antioch, in Page county, also responded in a liberal offering for the same purpose; and our Mission at Mt. Jackson made their first contribution for that work last Lord's-day. Strasburg will take up her collection March 13. I went to Washington last week to see Brother Hall off. He left Washington on the 22d inst. His purpose is to visit Cincinnati, St. Louis and some of the prominent churches on his way to San Francisco. He will leave there for Japan about April 15. He seems thoroughly given to his work, and goes on his way upborne by the prayers of many hundreds to whom he has endeared himself in his devotion to the Lord's cause. Surely the 16,000 Disciples of Virginia will give, not only their prayers for his protection and success, but funds, willingly, gladly, amply sufficient for his support. We organized a Ladies' Aid Society at Antioch at my last visit of some twenty-two members. President, Miss Mollie Prince; Vice-President, Mrs. Ella Hall; Secretary, Miss Sue Blosser; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Blosser. Their purpose is to get the church in shape for our District Meeting. After that they will continue to aid the good cause in many ways.

An earnest worker writes me from Milnes to the effect that the ladies there have raised nearly \$50 since last fall. Their object is the purchase of a church-lot. They are making for themselves, a good record. We have also an aid society at Mt. Jackson.

I am now in a meeting with Bro. J. A. Spencer at Strasburg. We are having good audiences, with five additions to date. We are hopeful that many others will follow. A note from the Southwest says they are likely to lose Bro. E. C. Stark. Illinois will be the gainer in the transaction. Front Royal having tested the no-saloon law for five years, was asked to re-establish them; she met the request with a ringing refusal. I don't know them, but I feel sure that they have good sense, and a high standard of morals.

North Carolina Notes.

BY J. J. HARPER.

I learn that Bro. H. S. Davenport has organized a congregation at Fortescue's Creek, Hyde Co. May both the congregation and he that planted it live long and prosper.

Bro. W. R. Jinnett is succeeding quite well in his work with the church at Middleton, Hyde Co., I am pleased to hear. He will preach the opening sermon at the Union Meeting, at Head of Pungo, on Friday before the fifth Lord's-day. Brethren J. R. Tingle and W. O. Winfield are to be in attendance. They will add much to the interest of the occasion. The Union Meetings ought to be made both interesting and profitable.

I have been asked a number of times, by special friends of the enterprise, how the church-house at Dunn is progressing. And in way of an answer to the inquiry I have this to say: The frame is up, all complete, from the ground to the top of the steeple, and ready for the weather-boarding and shingles. The frame-work of the baptistry is also in place. The frame is a substantial structure, well-proportioned and in every way imposing. The audience room is 51 by 36 feet, with a vestibule 10 by 36 feet, and an alcove 11 by 22 feet. The main building is 20 feet pitch, and to the top of the steeple is 76 feet. The brick

work supporting the building is completed—all that is to be done at present. It stands on a beautiful plot of ground at the corner of Clinton and Cumberland streets, surrounded by a grove of native oaks. There are other church-houses in Dunn nearly completed and in use, but this will be far superior to them when completed, which ought to be done with as little delay as possible. This town is a wonder in itself. For thrift, energy, and rapidity of growth there has never been anything to surpass it in this State, so far as my knowledge extends. Our house of worship ought to be opened for use during this year, so that we could grow up with the town. But it will require a considerable amount of money to complete it, and there are but few here who are able to pay much toward its completion. They have done well, and will continue to do all they are able.

Bro. A. H. Barrett, who recently closed a meeting at Stokesdale, calls upon us in Eastern North Carolina to reach out our hands and take hold of that point, and some others in that part of the State, and help them. Stokesdale is in Mecklenburg county, eighteen miles west of Greensboro. It is on a new railroad, and is a new and growing town. Bro. Barrett baptized eight persons, and received one other who had been baptized elsewhere. Brethren, what shall we do for that field?

In the Field.

BY H. B. SHERMAN.

The church at Jackson, Ohio, is pushing the work on the new building. I am considering a call from them to labor for the church.

Bro. Dilly, of Pulaski, Pa., will enter upon his work as pastor at McArthur, Ohio, April 1st. This is a good field, and we pray for his success.

The place where I am now laboring is so near to Bro. Talmage's work, that we can feel the effects of the Spiritual breeze that he has set in motion at New Castle, Pa.

A New Castle paper furnishes an item that will almost create a sensation, and will be considered a reflection on Bro. W. F. Cowden. It reports that Bro. Cowden has decided to give up his work in Allegheny City and go to Washington Territory, and engage in missionary work. I think it is about time for Bro. Cowden to "call down" some of the scribes, or else admit that he is about to do a thing that will be a great detriment to the cause in Western Pennsylvania. The impetus given to mission work in the First District under his labors, is very praiseworthy, and he is certainly needed where he is. How is it, Bro. Cowden?

I was sorry to learn of the serious illness of my friend and brother, Abner Applegate, at Sharon, Pa. He has been an invalid for many years. His demise will not be unexpected. He is an old disciple and an honored citizen.

"Geo. Anderson," the pastor at Youngstown, Ohio, has been reaping from the religious interest created in that city by a "noted evangelist." Over a hundred have united with the Christian Church. He is publishing a monthly paper, the "Disciple Outlook," and in it he recommends a general "hand shaking" and several other good things.

Bro. L. Osborne and wife spent last Lord's-day with us at Lowellville. Having assisted him in a meeting when he was the pastor at Tonawanda, N. Y., and known him well since then, it was a real treat. He is now a "Merchant Prince" and an occasional preacher; but, dear me, how he loves to hear the old Jerusalem gospel preached, and he declared that he was very hungry. I said: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst, for they shall be filled." So he went away satisfied.

We expect to have Bro. C. M. Oliphant with us to-day. He is the pastor at Niles, Ohio, and has many warm friends at this place.

Bro. S. W. Pearce has the work at this place and Edinburg well in hand, and is prospering. He has made great progress in efficiency since he began the work of the ministry nearly a year ago. Grace, grit and gumption, well and wisely used,

will enable any preacher to succeed.

My next meeting will be at Bolivar, N. Y. This will be mission work, and I expect to begin April 14th. Foster Brook, Pa., also wants a meeting and is waiting to have the date of beginning named. Union, Ohio, has called for a meeting in May.

Duke Centre has not secured a preacher yet. Here is a good field for a good man. They can pay \$600 and furnish a parsonage. That is better than a thousand dollars in some places. I had the privilege of preaching last Sunday P. M., to a large audience at Edinburg, Pa., one of Bro. Pearce's preaching points.

Next Lord's-day will be the time set to dedicate the new meeting-house here. There will be about \$800 to raise to free the house from debt. The church has done well and exhibited a liberality that has been truly commendable, and they have no idea of failure.

LOWELLVILLE, OHIO.

Notes From the Field.

VIRGINIA.

M. Pittman will preach at Forest Grove Church, Goochland county, on first Sunday in April.

APPOINTMENTS FOR E. R. PERRY.

First Lord's-day, Yanceyville; following week, commencing Tuesday night, Waldrop's Chapel; second Lord's-day, Hanover churches; following week, Independence; third Lord's-day, Rochelle, 11 A. M., Fairview, 8 P. M.; Monday and Tuesday nights following, Stanardsville; Wednesday and Thursday nights after, Union Grove; fourth Lord's-day, Holly Grove.

RICHMOND.—On the fourth Sunday in March we had the pleasure of visiting Macedonia Church, in Orange county. One year ago upon the same Lord's-day of the same month we visited these brethren for the first time. On both occasions we were the chosen vessel to bear their offerings to foreign missions and also to home mission work. Last summer we assisted the beloved pastor in a series of meetings which were instrumental in endearing the church to our heart and in giving us an acquaintance with a congregation of which we are proud. One characteristic of great beauty and worth is the prompt and ready response it makes to every call in the Master's work. Not selfishly withholding its hands from good works, forsooth, some brother or brethren are working upon plans not in harmony with its notions—not spending twelve months of the year in discussing plans of ways and means, but with willing hands helping in every good work, whatever the plan. If Macedonia is idle in the market place, it will be because "no man hath hired." If all the churches in the State were ready to fall in line in a like hearty and healthful co-operation, our present strength would soon be doubled, and the gospel would be no longer toiling tediously by stage, but by the fast mail would reach the uttermost part of our State and be heard in places now destitute. Some brethren discuss ways and means and the cost of saving souls, until we fear they have lost sight of the price of their own redemption, and are crying like one of old, "To what purpose is all this waste?" failing to pay highest honors to Him who gives them every good and perfect gift. Brethren, let us stop our discussing plans of ways and means, and go to work. Our plans are not at fault; it's our failure to co-operate and work to the best of our abilities with these plans. "Why stand ye all the day idle. Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you."
E. A. COLE.

AN APPEAL TO TIDEWATER SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—The reasons for the silence of your Sunday-school Board until now are too manifold to be enumerated. As the chairman of that Board, we thought that, like chairmen of committees and presidents of State Boards, etc., we would have nothing to do but put motions, preside over meetings and hear discussions of the work to be done, until upon meeting one of the Sunday-school Board we were informed that we were expected to do all the work. This we cannot do, but will not shrink from anything we can do. The first Sunday in April was fixed as the time for the Sunday-schools to take a collection for mission work in Tidewater District, the special phase of work being to assist some of the churches in building or finishing their houses of worship. There has been one church very materially helped by your Board. There are other points which we desire very much to assist, and which deserve assistance from every Sunday-school in the district enjoying the blessings of a house in which to meet and worship. We suggest that the third Sunday in April, instead of the first, be chosen by all the schools in the district for a large collection to the Sunday-school work in Tidewater. The first Sunday does not give time enough to work and comes before the schools become thoroughly organ-

ized. The third Sunday in April will obviate both these objections. At the last Convention, I think, it was decided that the Junior Missionary Societies co-operate with the Sunday-schools, the two combining their offerings to the same work. The sooner the offerings from both Sunday-schools and Junior Missionary Societies are sent in, the more good your Board can do for those who need help and the sooner we will gain strength to do still greater good. Send your offerings to Prof. C. W. Coleman, Treasurer, Churchland, Norfolk county, Va., or E. A. Cole, 411 Twenty-sixth street, Richmond, Va.

NOTES FROM PIEDMONT.—During the present month I have visited Yanceyville, \$3.25; Sharon, 1.87; Independence, 6.28; Ground Squirrel, 3.75; King's Chapel, 1.65; Zion, 3.31; Holly Grove, 12, and Salem, 5.27. Total, \$37.88.

Some of these churches have Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings and monthly preaching. Some have carried their Sunday-schools through all the winter, and now as the spring is opening they are counting on a large increase of the schools. Salem church has employed Dr. R. H. Alfred to preach for them every second Lord's-day. We hope all Christian work will be more prosperous, now that the weather is more pleasant, and may God lead us all into more usefulness in His church. On the fourth Sunday one was restored to the fellowship.
E. R. PERRY.

IOWA.

DES MOINES.—The meeting being held by Prof. W. F. Black had resulted in 176 additions up to last report.

INDIANA.

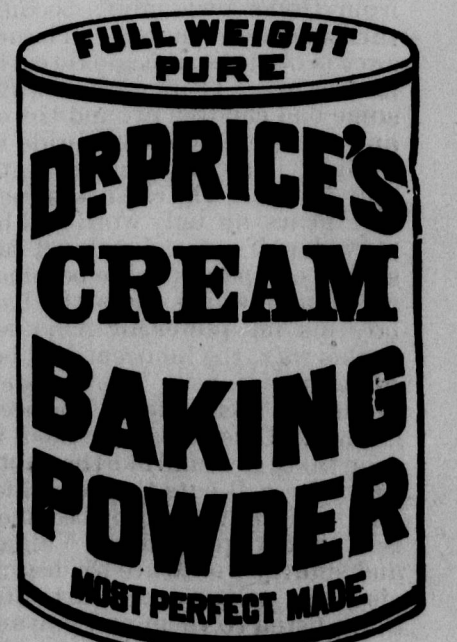
VALPARAISO.—The meeting at Valparaiso, Ind., closed with 350 additions. J. H. O. Smith, who did the preaching, is now spending a short time with Bro. Darst in Boston.

OHIO.

YOUNGSTOWN, March 25, 1889.—Visiting Lowellville Sunday, we had the pleasure of hearing two very good gospel discourses from your correspondent "in the field." The brethren are in their new church home, and are happier in it than a newly married couple in their first housekeeping. The only trouble with Bro. Sherman is, that he persists in telling stories—about men who, in business, act so ridiculously and unwisely that they rarely escape being called fools! While the story remains fresh he drops into the discussion of some religious practices that, in his estimation, have as little good sense to recommend them. Here is where the trouble comes in. Some of his hearers will believe that he means them, and, with "malice aforethought," intends to put them in the category with the other fellows! Of course, Bro. Sherman has no patent upon this way of putting the thing. Your readers will recall the fact that it was adopted a good many years ago with similar results. There were good audiences morning and evening. At the close of the morning meeting the right hand of fellowship was given to five new comers. Bro. Pearce, who is giving half of his time to the church, is making a good impression upon the people and is well spoken of. His sister, an accomplished musician, vocal and instrumental, has joined him for the meetings.
L. O.

ILLINOIS.

WINDSOR, March 25.—We had seven additions last week at Bethel. Our work is moving on with increased interest and additions at almost every meeting. Bro. A. J. Nance held a splendid meeting, closing last week with sixteen additions. Said meeting was held with the church at Lower Ashgrove. The church at Windsor has employed Bro. Leland Brown for one-half of his time. We hope for good results. The cause of Christ is moving on in these parts and the "Lord is adding to the church daily such as are disposed to be saved." Dear brethren, let us join hands all along the line and press forward.
A. H. HARRILL.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

The Family Circle.

Something Great.

The trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at
last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide
land,
With eyes that shone with a purpose
grand.
The king looked on him with gracious
eyes,
And said: "He is meet for some high em-
prise."
To himself he thought: "I will conquer
fate;
I will surely die, or do something great."
So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town
that day:
A child had strayed from his mother's
side

Into the woodland dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother with sorrow
wild—

"Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bride rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain;
Some meaner succor will do, maybe,
Some squire or valet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to
right;

I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night, when the sun had set,
A blind old man by the way he met:
"Now, good Sir Knight, for Our Lady's
sake,

On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is
down;

Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight, "I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for
fight.

"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the mer-
ry crowd.
"Oh, weep!" wailed others, with sorrow
bowed.

"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed.
But for joy, nor grief, nor need, hestayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes
grew dim,

And he died—and none made moan for
him.

He missed the good that he might have
done;
He missed the blessings he might have
won;

Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind;
He that is faithful in that which is least,
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast,
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something
great.

—Florence Tylee, in Chamber's Journal.

A Talk With the Children.

BY PETER AINSLIE.

I love children. I have spent
hours in their company with
great pleasure and profit, and of-
ten on the streets I will talk with
a sweet-minded child whom I
have never seen before and may
never see again. I think it not
amiss, for I realize that I am
in the presence of to-morrow. And
then, who cannot learn valuable
lessons from a child? It was that
frankness, that innocence, that
purity, that sympathy, and that
love that permeates the nature of
a child, that caused the meek and
lowly Nazarene to say: "Suffer
the little children to come unto
me; forbid them not, for to such
belongeth the kingdom of God."

They possess a pure and native
refinement, a clean tongue, and a
natural modesty; yet how is it
that these, as it were, golden coins
from God's own mint, become
tarnished and blacked? The an-
swer is obvious; it begins in early
associates. There are always
some bad children around towns
and villages who take pride in
leading innocent children into
ugly habits. The clean tongued
boy hears an ugly word and he
may laugh at the gab of his
smart companion. He becomes a
listener, which gives the bad
boy his full power for evil, and,
in this way, the innocent boy be-
comes a partaker. The first step
in sin has been taken. The seed
is sown. Unless it be checked, it
soon takes root and like the roots
of a cancer, it eats the very life,
and the bright-eyed boy becomes
the bloated lipped man. Vulgar
and smutty words are the begin-
ning of a vulgar and smutty life.
Don't listen to them and you are
apt to keep clean. A distinguished
author says: "I resolved, when
I was a child, never to use a word
which I could not pronounce be-
fore my mother without offending
her." One of the most eloquent
ministers of this century adopted
a similar resolution, but carried

it further in never allowing a joke
that bordered on the obscene, to
be told in his presence without
showing his disapprobation of it.
Among the many valuable mot-
toes of a learned Southern
Baptist minister, the most
prominent is, in substance,
like the above, and there are oth-
ers who have carefully observ-
ed its importance; all of whom
have become pure-minded, noble,
God-fearing, Christian men. It
may seem a little thing, and it is
the little things of life that have
more effect upon character, re-
putation, friendship and success,
than the thoughtless would im-
agine. Yet it is of the gravest
importance, and every parent
should make an effort to impress
it upon the daily life of their
children.

Of course we could not think of
a decent little girl using a word,
much less telling a joke, that
would shock the modesty of her
mother, but some little boys
think such vulgarities to be smart;
or, in other words, they think it
looks manly; among other bad
boys, they will speak of their
father as "the boss," "the old
man," "the governor," and such
like appellations. In very rare
cases, however, thoughtless pa-
rents lay the foundation for such
a life. They will teach their
children to say some little bad
word before the child can articu-
late distinctly; they will teach
them to dance before they can
scarcely walk; they will teach
them to be skillful in taking cop-
pers from their father's pocket;
they will teach them to gamble,
in *fun of course*, around the fire-
side. If the husband and wife
happen to have a, so termed,
falling out, each will talk to their
children about the faults of the
other, and the parents wonder
why their children are so bad.
Shame upon them. But, as a rule,
the parents are the best counsel-
lors for their children. The
mother is the queen of home, and
goddess of love. It is she who
holds the keys of the soul; and it
is she who stamps the coin of
character, which should be worn
as the richest legacy of maternal
love.

Impure words and jokes are
the exponents of impure
thoughts, which win their way
everywhere; but, children, you
can shun them, and rather have
good thoughts, which "are like
rose leaves, giving sweet smell if
laid up in the jar of memory,"
and then out of the abundance
of your heart let your mouth
speak.

Not long ago I saw several
hundred little boys and girls
bearing a temperance banner
with as much pride as does the
standard-bearer carry aloft
the stars and stripes of American
liberty. This speaks volumes for
"Young America. If fathers and
mothers want their children to
bankrupt the bar-room keeper,
organize temperance societies, or
make them temperance boys in
the home.

I love that child who loves
home better than loafing on the
corner or at a cross-road gro-
cery smoking cigarettes, listening
to foul jokes and fighting over
marbles. I love that boy who
has a kind word for his sister and
that girl who has a kind word
for her brother. I love that child
who crawls upon the knee of
"papa" or "mamma," and asks
to tell him of the story of the
Christ Jesus.

LEXINGTON, KY.

The Five Lost Golden
Mohors.

An Indian Prince saw five love-
ly little Parsee children idling
about near the Bazaar in Bom-
bay.

"Why do you waste the pre-
cious moments thus?" he asked.
"We have nothing to do," they
answered, looking rather dull.

Upon this the Prince drew out a
bag of gold coins from his waist-
band, and gave each of the chil-
dren a golden mohor; saying as
he did so, "This will give you
something to do." And then he
passed on his way, and they saw
him no more.

For a minute the children stood
gazing on their new possessions,
then they darted off in various
directions, each with his golden
mohor tightly clasped in his or
her hand.

Rani was the eldest of the
group—and so she knew best the
value of the coin. "I'll just hide
it away in my treasure box," she
said, "and I won't let anyone
know about it lest they should
ask me to give them part." But
her home took fire that very
night, and her golden mohor
was burnt in the flames.

Nusta, who was of different
disposition, rushed with her
mohor to the first sweet-meat
stall in the Bazaar, followed by
her companions; and very soon
her golden coin was exchanged
for a huge bag of sugar-plums.
As she did not know the worth of
the mohor, the shopman cheated
her, and did not give her the value
of one-quarter of her money. So
her gift was lost.

Munti made a hundred plans of
what he would do with the
Prince's gift as he ran home, to-
sing it up in the air, and catching
it as it fell, careless of its worth.
He did it, however, once too often,
for he happened to be running
along the seashore, and a huge
wave came rushing up and knock-
ed him over, and as the mohor
was up in the air at the moment,
it got washed away in the rising
tide. For weeks Munti's father
went dredging along the beach in
hopes of finding it, but he only
lost his own temper and time in
the search, as the coin never ap-
peared.

Hamet, being a very little boy,
thought the golden mohor would
grow up if he planted it, which
he did in his own little garden;
for he said, "If it grows like our
great mango tree, I shall soon
have a crop of a hundred coins
instead of one." But one of his
little friends saw him doing this
from the roof of his house close
by, and when night came on he
ran to Hamet's garden, dug up
the coin, and planted a giant
Locust Bean in its place. This
sprouted in a few days, and when
Hamet saw it he danced with
glee. But his happiness was
short-lived, for when his mother
saw the plant she said it was only
a bean and not a mohor at all,
and she beat the child for his
folly. "If you had only brought
the coin to me," she cried, "it
would have fed and clothed you
for a year, and paid your school-
ing too. It has doubtless melt-
ed like a lump of sugar with the
rain, and you will never see it
again."

Peer Bux meanwhile lost no
time in showing his parents the
Prince's golden gift. "Put it in
a bank," cried his father who
knew something of business—
"Put it in a bank till you are old
enough and wise enough to use it
rightly." Off went Peer; but a
cunning thief met him on the
road and asked to see the golden
mohor the Prince had given him.
Peer unsuspecting mischief, show-
ed it to him at once. "Let me feel
its weight," said the thief; but
when the child gave it he sudden-
ly ran off with it at such a pace
that the poor child could not keep
up with him; and thus he lost his
mohor too.

Children, there are many valu-
able things in the world that are
lost through being misused, or
not rightly valued, or safely
kept.

There is the golden gift of
riches, which, if hidden away
like Rani's mohor, is sure to rust
and spoil, or get burnt up at
last.

There is the golden gift of
health, which like Nusta's mohor,
is ruthlessly wasted on vanities
that are worthless.

There is the golden gift of
time, which, like Munti's mohor,
easily lost, but never refund.

There is the golden gift of
knowledge, which is often mis-
placed, like Hamet's mohor, and
never produces the harvest it
might if used properly.

There is the golden gift
of faith, which, if not safe-
ly deposited in a sure place,
may be stolen, from us at some
unexpected moment like Peer's
mohor.—*Juvenile Instructor.*

A BOY WITH AN OBJECT.—In
the city of Brooklyn there is an
institution where friendless wo-
men and children are cared for,
and homes found for them in
families. Recently, the *Eagle*
tells us, the door-bell at this in-
stitution rang, and a young man
of about eighteen years asked
for May Lawrenz, who had been
placed in the institution twelve
years ago. He explained that
he, with a little brother and sis-
ter, had been placed in the in-
stitution when their father died.
This young man, Frank, had,
after a time, been sent to Kansas;
the home to which he was sent
did not suit him, and he ran
away to Kansas City, Mo. At
first he sold hot sausages in the
streets, then he got employment
in a store, and is now one of the
proprietors of a meat market.
He is able to support his young-
er brother and sister, and came
East to find them and take them
back to Kansas city. His sister
had been sent to Providence,

R. I., and he went there to find
her. He found her in a big
school, but she did not know
him. She remembered she had
an older brother, but thought
he must be dead, and was de-
lighted when told this young
man was her brother. She left
Providence at once. The brave,
industrious Frank wanted to
eat his Christmas dinner with his
family, he said. It is more than
probable that he did.

Frank has shown what pluck,
enterprise, and determination
will do, when it has a definite
object to accomplish. There can
be no doubt about his future.—
Christian Union.

Walter Lyman's Lesson in
Politeness.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"Why can't that horrid old
woman do her calling in the day
time?" exclaimed Walter Lyman
as he looked up from the inter-
esting story he was reading. "I
don't want to go way round to
Twelfth street with her."

Mrs. Lyman stood by her son's
chair, and she touched him
gently on the shoulder. "My son,
would you allow that poor old
woman to go home alone to-
night? What if it were your
mother?"

"I couldn't imagine such a
transformation, mother. You'll
never be like her. She's as ugly
as—as—well so ugly that there
is no danger of any one's run-
ning off with her between here
and Twelfth street," and Walter
laughed in derision.

"It is very icy, Walter, and
just think how terrible it would
be for her to slip down and hurt
herself; it might be the cause of
her death. She was very anxious
to see your father, and she can-
not see him any time but in the
evening, you know."

Walter was just going to say,
"Why doesn't father go home
with her?" but he remembered
that his father was always quite
tired at night, for his work
through the day was very ardu-
ous. Walter got his cap, but he
was not in a pleasant mood,
and it did not make him feel any
pleasanter to hear his younger
brother say he went out of the
door, "If it was only a pretty
girl, Walt, that you had to go
home with, you wouldn't have
any objections to make, would
you?"

"Now, Walter," said his
mother, as he waited in the hall
for Mrs. Hawkins to finish her
conversation with his father, "I
want you to be very kind to the
poor old lady, and give her your
arm so that she won't fall. She
isn't the most agreeable person,
I know; but she has had a great
many sorrows. She is alone in
the world. She had a boy like
you, but he died, just when he
was able to be of some help to
her. The Lord took her boy,
and now in her old age he ex-
pects other mothers' boys will
care for her."

Walter was touched by his
mother's words, for he was a
tender, kind-hearted boy, and he
really was very polite and
thoughtful on the way home.
He listened attentively to all
Mrs. Hawkins' grievances, which
she poured out in a confidential
manner to him. He began to
feel a sort of companionship of
the poor old body.

When they got to the one
room in the tenement house that
Mrs. Hawkins called her home,
she said, "Well, now, you're a
good sort of a boy to be so kind
to an old body like me. Most
boys don't want to bother with
old folks. Come in and rest you
awhile."

Walter had left his story in a
place where his hero was in great
danger of being lost at sea, but
his heart was so touched by the
old lady's evident pleasure at
the attention he had shown her,
that he went in for a few mo-
ments. She showed him all her
treasures: the geranium in the
window that had its first bloss-
om just coming out; she un-
locked the bureau drawer and
brought out the old daguerre-
types, and told Walter that
this one was her husband's pic-
ture, and that one her boy's,
and although he had been dead
for over forty years she dropped
a tear on the glass over the pic-
ture. Once Walter would have
laughed at the quaint manner in
which the boy was dressed, but
it was too sacred a thing to
make fun of.

"I think I must go now," he
said, when the pictures were put
away.

"You make me think of my
boy," she said, as she followed
him to the door. "Won't you
come round sometimes of an
evening and cheer me up a
little?"

Walter promised he would, and
he did not forget his promise
either. It became his particular
missionary work to look after
poor old Mrs. Hawkins. The
school boys laughed about it
and joked him a good deal, but
they soon learned to respect him
for the work he had chosen to
do. It was old Mrs. Hawkins'
last few miles of the journey on
earth. She soon went home to
be with those loved ones who
went away from her so many
years before.

Walter received her dying
blessing and her little Bible,
soiled and worn with many
years of using. He keeps it as a
reminder of his lesson in true
Christian politeness, and he says
he will always pay his first at-
tention to the wants of the
aged, who have travelled so long
on the way, and are worn and
feeble from the cares and sorrows
they have had.—*Evangelist.*

OILING UP.—The best supple-
ment of religion is common-sense.
After having resolved to fulfill
the highest possibilities of our
nature, the wisest course lies in
attempting to reach the mental
and physical condition which
render noble living possible.

A serene old lady, whose daily
living was like noble music, was
once asked by a moody young
girl how she could exercise self-
command without one apparent
failure.

"My dear," said she, "the first
secret of decent living is in the
help and support we receive from
above; the second lies in taking
care of ourselves. When I find
that I am more than usually
sensitive to the worries of life, I
take half-an-hour alone and read
a pleasant book, or even take a
nap. If the 'chariot-wheels jar
in the gates,' I say to myself,
'Come, come, Martha! We must
stop to oil up!'

"When I was a girl, I had a
quarrel with my best friend, and
all because I had been up half the
night before, and didn't know
enough to take a nap before find-
ing fault with her!"

"But I should grow selfish if I
watched my moods in that way,"
said her little friend, discouraged.
"O, bless you, it must be done
with discretion! Regard your
mind and body as delicate and
complicated machines which
must be kept in order. You
wouldn't expect your watch to
keep time if a breadcrumb had
lodged among the wheels; why
should you demand gentleness
and patience of this human me-
chanism if you don't exert your-
self to see that it is kept in re-
pair?"

"I once had a fit of the deepest
indigo blues, which yielded to an
orange, eaten in a bright little
room. The orange was so sweet,
and the sunlight so dazzling, that
I couldn't resist the conviction
gradually stealing in on me that
this is indeed the 'best of all pos-
sible worlds.'—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

God Knows Me, ANYHOW.—Frank had
beautiful long hair hanging over his
shoulders, and his parents were very
proud of his appearance. One day he
got his mother's scissors, went to the
looking-glass, and cut off all his hair
locks.

His father and mother were much dis-
pleased with him for so doing, and re-
solved to punish him in this way: when
they were all seated at the dinner table,
his father pointing to him, said to his
mother, "What little boy is that?"
"I'm your little Franky, papa," he at
once said, not giving his mother time to
reply. "Nonsense," was the father's an-
swer, "my little Franky has beautiful
long hair; I would not give my Franky
for a dozen boys such as you."

Franky now turned to his mother, and
said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but
mamma only shook her head. Matters
were now looking serious, and Franky,
becoming alarmed, could not make any
progress with his dinner. He now ap-
pealed to his brother, and asked if he
was not little Franky; but his brother
only shook his head.

He was becoming very unhappy at the
thought that father, mother and brother
no longer recognized him; and at last he
burst into tears, saying, as he did so,
"Well, it don't matter much, for God
knows me, anyhow."

Tears were now in other eyes as well as
Franky's.—*Selected.*

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tell when, I don't see how, something of
great value to me, and for the return of
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good appetite."

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Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone is by long odds the greatest living Englishman, and the best abused. Towering above all English public men, he is not only the object of unbounded admiration on the part of his political followers, but also the target at which every sphenetic tadpole on the platform and in the press fling their venom and dirt. One requires to go out of England and view Mr. Gladstone as reflected in the unimpassioned thoughts and hearts of foreign peoples, in order to fully realize his greatness. The atmosphere of his own country is so charged with noxious elements that we cannot there survey his commanding personality in its just proportions. From no country can we obtain a better view of Mr. Gladstone than from America; and nowhere else does his greatness so come home to us. To one, like the present writer, who has lately escaped from the roar and tumult of the present feverish political strife in England, it is peculiarly gratifying to see the veneration in which Mr. Gladstone is held by the vast majority, independent of party, of the people of this country. It is thus that one comes to realize the far-sightedness of Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship. He looks beyond the confines of his own country for the verdict on his policy. He always appeals—and much ridicule does this draw from the Tory press, to the judgment of "civilized mankind." He ignores the carpet statesman and the hearth-rug politicians of the London drawing-rooms, as the mere puppets of a day. He appeals to the outer world. And when one realizes that in America alone some half a hundred million of English-speaking people sit in judgment on his policy and will help to frame the verdict of posterity on his name, it begins to dawn upon one how much greater a man Mr. Gladstone is than the time-serving politicians of the Palmerston and Beaconsfield type. He looks beyond the chances and the conveniences of the moment to the harvest of the coming years.

Mr. Gladstone is eminently a man of conscience. He is always appealing to men's consciences, not to their prejudices and interests. Herein again he differs from the old-school politicians. Disraeli openly boasted that a conscientious man could never succeed as an English statesman. Mr. Gladstone, however, has always had a terrible conscience. He has been blamed for this by many of his own party, and ridiculed by all his enemies. The latter do not deny that Mr. Gladstone has a conscience, but they assert that it is a perverted conscience. It is a conscience, they say, which the man can twist into approval of anything that commends itself to his interest. And never were these cavillings more ripe than now, when he is fighting the battle of Ireland against a powerful coalition between half his quondam henchmen and the entire Conservative party. But if the great man's calumniators were to pause for a moment to consider without prejudice Mr. Gladstone's position, they would surely see that in this Irish business most of all has he shown himself to be a conscientious man, and not a mere selfish truckler for popularity. Were it popularity that Mr. Gladstone seeks he could have gained it with far less difficulty and with the attendant amenities of aristocratic smiles and favors, had he chosen to set his face dead against all demands for Irish self-government and to put down rigorously the agitators for that measure. But Mr. Gladstone could never get his conscience to ignore that very stubborn fact which was represented in the persons of those eighty-five home-rule members returned by Ireland. Therefore, in order to do justice to that country, he deliberately chose to break with some of the most powerful of his colleagues, and to encounter the bitterest animosity of nine-tenths of the aristocracy. There is no doubt but that in 1886 Mr. Gladstone was, with all that influential circle of people called London society, the most unpopular prime minister that ever set his foot in Downing Street. But time will justify him, even as it is now doing. Surely, if anything proved Mr. Gladstone to have a conscience, it is that last great step of his which has cast him adrift from much of what he held dearest in his public life.

Mr. Gladstone owes the admiration in which he is held quite as much, perhaps, to his wonderful versatility as to his greatness as a statesman. He is the Admirable Crichton of modern England, a man who undertakes nothing that he does not adorn. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone is as near an approach to a walking encyclopedia as the present generation can hope to see. His reputation in this respect even overshadows that of the late Dr. Whewell, the great master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The story is told of Whewell that a man, who had determined to prove him ignorant at least on one question and had accordingly studied up an article on Chinese in a certain cyclopedia, was effectually checkmated when the great man informed him that the very article he had been studying was written by himself. Those who have met Mr. Gladstone in company say that he is equally superior to all attempts at probing his ignorance. Besides being admittedly the greatest financier of the day and the most prolific and accomplished of English public speakers, he is an authority on subjects so wide apart as Homeric mythology, old China and the culture of jam. And the wonder of it all is that Mr. Gladstone's knowledge of such things is not of that superficial order which caused Lord Brougham—another "universal genius"—to receive, when occupying the highest legal office in his country, the dubious compliment that "his lordship knew little of everything, even of law!" Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, seems able to meet experts and specialists on their own ground. One week last summer he gave an address in the pottery district of Staffordshire, which contained information and instruction on Wedgwood pottery which was absolutely new to the professional representatives of industry. In the very next week he spoke at the Welsh National Eisteddfod, and astonished everybody by the extent of his knowledge of Welsh history and ancient lore.

A notice of Mr. Gladstone, in a religious newspaper, without more than a passing reference to his position and doings with regard to religious question, would be out of place. Next to his passion for Homer, Mr. Gladstone's ruling bent may be said to be in the direction of religious controversy. His first venture as a controversialist was unfortunate as he fell into the fangs of the great Macaulay, and, to use a homely phrase, was pretty thoroughly "done up" by that redoubtable antagonist. Since the publication of his essay on Church and State, Mr. Gladstone has had a tilt with many a celebrated foe, from Cardinal Newman and Professor Huxley down to Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Robert Ingersoll. Although it would be too much to say that Mr. Gladstone has come out of all these encounters a victor—it requires an uncommonly dexterous fencer to knock the sword out of the hand of a Newman or a Huxley—he has without doubt won himself a place as one of the chief champions of orthodoxy in this skeptical age. Mr. Gladstone's followers in England are mainly dissenters, who are, if anything, dead set against popery, ritualism and sacerdotalism in all their guises; yet Mr. Gladstone himself is the highest of high churchmen. The best hater Mr. Gladstone has in England is the evangelical low churchman. By men of this school he is believed to be a papist all but in name. Some of his doings from time to time with the Vatican may have given some color to this opinion; but there is no real ground for believing Mr. Gladstone to be other than a staunch Protestant. That he finds much to charm his fancy and imagination in the elaborate ritual and the splendid halo of romance and tradition that belong to the Romish church, is very probable; but his sense of justice and liberty is too keen to allow him to lend any countenance to Romanism, as it now stands, in relation either to spiritual or to temporal matters. Personally, Mr. Gladstone is a man of the highest Christian character, against whom not the least breath of scandal has been raised during the entire tenor of his long public life. As an orator Mr. Gladstone's reputation is world-wide. He is not, however, an ideal speaker. John Bright was his superior as a platform orator. There have been others,

who, on rare occasions, have risen to greater heights before vast concourses of men. But no Englishman of the century, hardly of any age, has made so many great speeches as Mr. Gladstone. He has the power of always rising to the level of the occasion. And on the floor of the House of Commons he is unrivalled, and is undoubtedly entitled to rank as the greatest English debater after Charles James Fox. Mr. Gladstone's power has scarcely dwindled with the advance of years. His recent efforts on behalf of Ireland have been as brilliant as any of his oratorical triumphs. Nothing finer was ever uttered by him than the historic peroration to the speech in which he introduced his Home Rule Bill in 1886.

"His friends are exultations, agonies And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

—W. L. J., in Interior.

THE MISSING FIVE CENTS.—Holding out his hand for the change, John's employer said: "Well, my boy, did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir," said John; "and here is the change; but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two change, and there's only seventeen according to my count."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money."

"No, sir. I counted it all over in the hall to be sure it was all right."

"Then, perhaps, the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change."

But John shook his head. "No, sir, I counted that too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving the store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm. "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All that I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for the five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat-sleeve?"

John looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it is all right. Now, I couldn't imagine what had become of the five-cent piece. I was certain I had it when I started from the store to return."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not, two important things to an errand boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking farther."

At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said in a low voice: "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly that I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; "and if you had done it you would have lost the situation, that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over so small a sum as five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."—Pansy.

WESLEY'S TACT.—The following anecdote of the founder of Methodism has, we believe, never been published. It reaches us from a trustworthy source, and it illustrates in a remarkable manner the mingled tact and piety of that eminent man. Although Wesley, like the apostles, found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty or the noble, still he numbered some families of good position among his followers. It was at the house of one of these that the incident here recorded took place. Wesley had been preaching, and a daughter of a neighboring gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been profoundly impressed by his exhortations. After the sermon, Wesley was invited to this gentleman's house to luncheon, and with himself one of his preachers was entertained. This preacher, like many of the class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraints of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, "for a Methodist's hand?"

The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and simply said, "The hand is very beautiful."

The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to keep silent; but when, a few hours later, she again appeared in Wesley's presence, the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which nature had given.—London Society.

SELF-CONTROL.—Learn to govern yourself, boys and girls, the first thing you do. Education, talents, genius, beauty and all will not avail if you cannot control yourselves, your mind and your body. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Learn to control the feelings of your heart, for "out of it are the issues of life." Friendship, love, passion, hatred, all need to be under control. Learn to control your mind, for, as Locke said, "There is scarce anything more for the improvement of knowledge, for the ease of life, and the dispatch of business, than for a man to be able to dispose of his own thoughts." Learn to control your eyes, that they may not see nothing but what is pure and good; your ears, that they may not listen with pleasure to scandal and evil reports; your tongue, that unruly member, that it may not abuse God's gift of speech; your hands, that they may take naught but what rightfully belong to them; your feet, that they may not walk in the ways of the wicked.

Some of the greatest men who ever lived came to ruin finally because they could not control themselves, and thus they lost half their greatness in our sight.

But self-control is not the work of a day nor a month. It will take many months, even years, of little every-day trials and temptations, to learn the great art of self-control, and we will not always come out victorious, but let us not be discouraged, but persevere, with a prayer in the heart to our all-seeing Father to help us, and by so doing we will at last come out more than conquerors.—Central Baptist.

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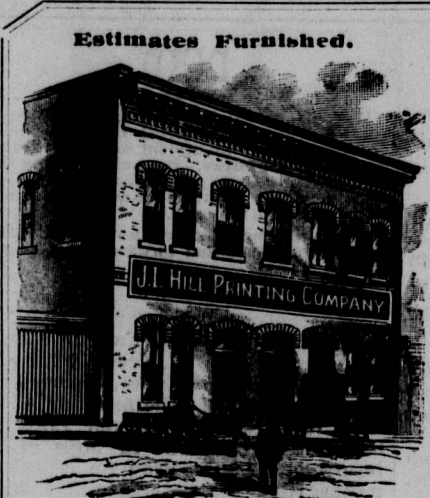
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